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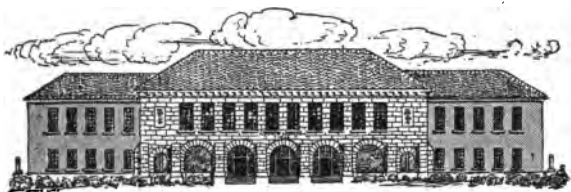
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AMERICAN HISTORY

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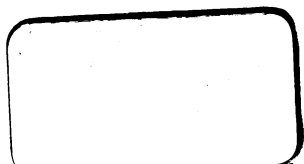


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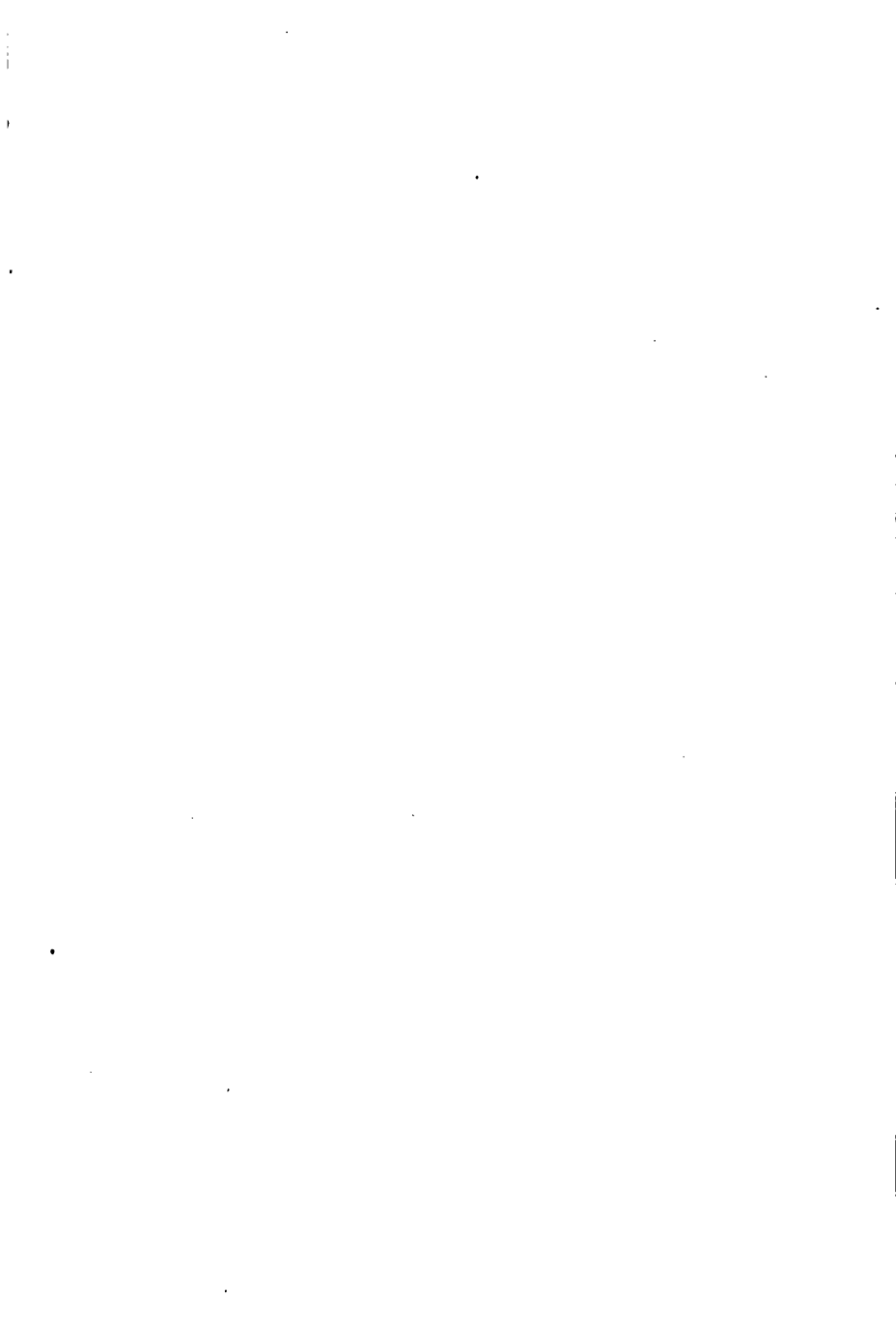
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“ At daybreak Columbus and his men made preparations to land ”

AMERICAN HISTORY

FIRST BOOK

(1492-1763)

BY

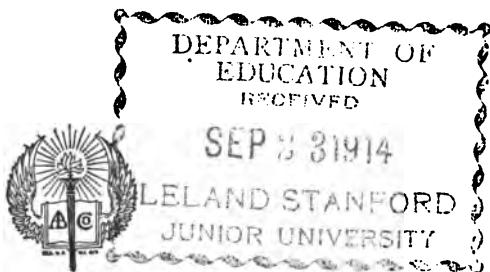
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Am. Hist. First Book

W. P. 4

PREFACE

THE general practice of our elementary schools is to study the subject of American History in two cycles. This volume is one of a two-book series intended to serve as textbooks for pupils in the first cycle of their study, and to cover two years' work. Each book, however, is so planned that it can be used independently of the other.

The books aim to introduce the pupil to the history of his country in accordance with accepted pedagogical method. It is not their purpose to give the student a detailed and comprehensive study of the philosophy of history, or to appeal especially to the judgment and those other faculties whose fuller development comes with adolescence. The books are deliberately organized, as regards both subject matter and vocabulary, on lines of adaptability to children of ten or twelve years of age.

The interest of the child must be aroused — and his interest at this age is not in the philosophy of cause and effect. His interest is in the drama of events rather than in their causal sequence: it is in adventure, not politics; in heroism, not statesmanship; in deeds, not philosophy; in people, not statistics. Later in his school career he may turn toward

the technical and philosophical phases of the subject; but to arouse his present enthusiasm we must appeal to his immediate interests, and these are elemental, simple, almost barbaric.

Hence these books attempt to enlist the interest of the pupil in the stirring narrative of our country's progress, and to give him such narrative in plenty. That the tastes of the pupil at this age are of an elemental quality is not a reason for reducing the subject matter in quantity. Therefore, it has not been the aim of the authors to write a "brief" book.

The arrangement of the subject matter is on a three-fold plan. Each chapter has a central thought about which important events are grouped in narrative form. Following the narrative there is a summary for careful study; and then comes a concise statement of the fact or facts that seem most vital. It is suggested that in using this volume as a textbook, the pupil *read* the narrative, *study* the summary, and *memorize* the facts.

For convenience in review study, the facts to be memorized are brought together in one series in an appendix. Whether the student is obliged to leave school without further formal study of history, or whether he is privileged to continue his schooling through the second-cycle study of the subject, this series of facts, thoroughly memorized, will serve as a background and setting for all his future study of history, civics, and politics. To this skeleton resumé

he may refer all the events of history, placing them properly both as to chronological order and as to causal relations.

Other appendixes contain reference material for the teacher's use. The pronunciation of difficult words is indicated in the Index.

The selection from Joaquin Miller's poem, Columbus, on pages 9-10, is copyrighted by the Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., the publishers of Joaquin Miller's poetical works, and is used by their permission.

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AMERICAN HISTORY

CHAPTER I

COLUMBUS

“ONE more day of this, and we are lost!” exclaimed a short, dark man. He spoke to a group of angry-looking sailors crouching in a corner of the ship.

“Yes,” said another, “we must be very near the end of the world. I know by the seaweed and the many green things in the water. These are sure signs!”

Many long and terrifying days had passed since these sailors had left the little town of Palos, Spain, to sail out upon the western waters where no Spaniards had ever been before. In **The fears of the sailors** their ignorance they feared many things.

They were in terror lest the wind which had been blowing, blowing, steadily from the east should at last drive them so far out to sea that they could never sail home against it. They believed that the earth was flat, like a table. They were afraid that if they sailed too far they would come to the end of the earth—and then drop over. And always they were

in dread of sea monsters that could swallow a ship and its crew at one mouthful.



Sea monsters drawn on old maps

To make matters worse, the frightened sailors had little faith in Christopher Columbus, their Italian captain. Their Spanish hearts doubted if he had any thought for them. Apparently he cared only for his own glory. So in the darkness of that October evening they planned to throw the captain overboard. That night, they said, they would steal up behind him when he was gazing at the stars. If there were any questions asked when they reached home, they would say that he had fallen into the sea while making observations. Fortunately Columbus discovered this plot. His voice was harsh and stern as he ordered the plotters to their duty, on pain of being put in irons. Their ringleaders he threatened with punishment by the king upon their return.

But Columbus was not always severe. A tall, strong man, with white hair and the bearing of a soldier, he had a noble, kindly face. Now, the mutiny quelled, he encouraged his men by telling them of the glories in store for them. He told

The
mutiny

Columbus

them of a land where the sands were grains of gold and the trees were loaded with spices. Rich rewards would be theirs if only they would be patient and trust to him. Thus he turned their fear and anger into renewed hope and courage.

Columbus, indeed, had need of courage both for himself and for his men. He had undertaken to find a new route to the Indies. By the In-
dies was meant the southeastern part of ^{The Indies} Asia. From there came pearls, spices, perfumes, silks, and beautiful Cashmere shawls. This merchandise was brought on camels across the continent to the Black Sea. The remainder of the journey to Italy was made by water. Of late, plundering Turks had made the route very dangerous. So there was hope of great reward for him who should find a new route to the Indies.

Columbus was one of the few men of his day who believed the earth to be a sphere. So he reasoned that he could reach the Indies by sailing westward. Some of his ideas he obtained from studying the maps of a certain wise man named Toscanelli. These maps were far from accurate. They showed the eastern coast of Asia many, many miles nearer to Spain than it really is; and they took no account of the great American continent lying between, for nobody in Europe then knew that the continent was there. Nearly every one supposed that the Atlantic Ocean, or "Sea of Darkness," extended westward to the end of the earth.

To sail west until one should find land seemed but the dream of a crazy man.

“Tell us,” one of the doubters had said to Columbus when he talked of undertaking the voyage, “how will you dare to sail out upon the Sea of Darkness? If you go out of sight of land, you will be lost.” In answer, Columbus brought out his compass. Two hundred years before this, one seaman had written to another about a strange black stone called a magnet. A magnetized needle balanced on a straw in water always pointed nearly northward. “But,” the writer had continued, “no master mariner dare take it on shipboard lest he be called a magician.” By Columbus’s day, however, the mariner’s compass had come into practical use; and it was this that was to guide him across the unknown sea.

Yet so impossible did the plans of Columbus seem to the men of his day that for eighteen years he had wandered in Europe from court to court, asking in vain for ships and money for his strange enterprise. The court counselors called him insane, and even the children on the streets pointed after him and tapped their foreheads.

Finally, in the year 1492, Queen Isabella of Spain showed her belief in Columbus by pledging her jewels to his cause. He was thus able to get together a fleet of three vessels, the *Santa Maria*, the *Niña*, and the *Pinta*. How

unlike our steel-ribbed ocean giants they were! No larger than the pleasure yachts of to-day, they were lightly and clumsily built. Only one, the *Santa Maria*, had a deck; the others were open, with a gallery at each side. The sea tossed them about like eggshells. The wind sang weird songs as it filled out the odd, square sails. Stout hearts were needed to sail the open ocean in the days of Columbus.



The *Santa Maria*

And now, after several weeks, the venturesome sailors of Columbus's little fleet were apparently as far as ever from reaching land. But on the morning after the mutiny they saw a flock of birds. The next day they took out of the water a curiously carved stick, hinting at life ashore. At noon some one picked up a branch on which were bright red berries. All eyes began to scan the horizon. A reward of gold had been offered by the queen to the sailor who should first see land. Columbus had added the promise of a handsome new doublet.

The next evening it was the commander himself who thought that he saw a light in the distance. Presently, as he peered, it flickered and wavered as if carried by some one walking. How quickly the news spread!

Up the masts and into the rigging went the men, there to watch all night. As the ships sailed on in the moonlight, a sailor saw land ahead, and from all

Land!

went up the shout, "Land! Land! Land!" The Indies had been reached at last, thought Columbus and all who were with him.

At daybreak Columbus and his men made preparations to land. The bowman took down his crossbow, so long idle. The soldier put on his armor of glittering steel. Columbus clothed himself as befitted the occasion. Isabella had promised him as part of his reward that he should be governor of any land he might discover. The title of Admiral was to be his, and with it one tenth of the riches he might find. He was a handsome figure as he came forward, in satin breeches, short and full, a velvet coat, and a scarlet cape trimmed with gold. The cape hung from his shoulders and swayed gracefully as he walked. His hat was velvet, too, with a long curling feather. At his side hung a sword, newly polished.

When all was in readiness, the three small ships, with sails set, on the twelfth day of October, 1492,

The landing

came toward the strange new country, like huge white birds from out the blue sky. The land ahead was evidently one of a group of islands. Columbus brought his ships as close to the shore as the depth of the water would permit. Then some of the men made the remaining distance in small boats. In one of these were Columbus and

his chief officers. The eager commander stood in the stern of his boat, his hat in one hand, and in the other a satin banner on which gleamed a cross with the initials of Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain. The sunshine streamed down upon his white head and upon the solemn upturned faces of his companions. Soon the sturdy oarsmen brought all the boats to the white sands of the beach. Columbus, stepping ashore, knelt and solemnly kissed the ground three times. Then, rising, he drew his sword and, surrounded by soldiers and sailors, took possession of the land for Spain. Devoutly, and with heads bowed, they set up the cross of their religion and named the island San Salvador, or Holy Savior.

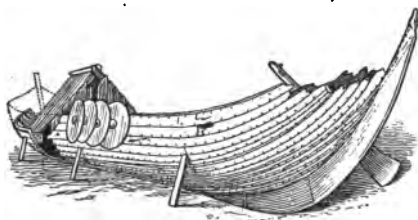
“We have done what no one has ever done before,” they thought; “we have found a new way to the Indies.” Had they but known, it was a yet greater land than the Indies that they had reached. Beyond them lay the great continent of America. This was the wonderful thing they had done: they had found a new world, this world that had lain so long unknown to the people of Europe.†

Unknown it was, at this time; and yet, about five hundred years before, other ships had cruised along the shores of North America. They were sailed by hardy Vikings, or Northmen. Most of these people lived in the countries now called Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. They

San Salvador

The
Northmen

loved the open sea. Hundreds of miles over the pathless ocean they would row and sail their boats, steering by the sun and stars. They settled Iceland, and after a fight there some of them sailed away yet



Old Viking boat found buried in Norway

farther west and made their home on the shore of Greenland.

One day some Northmen on their way to Greenland became lost in a heavy fog. When the fog broke away they saw a low shore with but a few hills beyond. This, they knew, could not be the high and rocky Greenland for which they were searching. They had traveled much too far to the south, so they sailed their vessel northward.

After hearing their story, another Northman, Leif the Lucky, started to find out more about this new land. He and his men sailed southward till they came to a place covered with large, flat stones. To this region they gave the name Slateland. When, a little farther south, they came to a land whose trees hung their branches over

Voyage of Leif

the water, they called it Woodland. Still farther south they found many grapevines growing. This delighted them. They named the place Vinland, and remained there for some time before sailing for home.

This voyage of Leif the Lucky took place probably about the year 1000. For a few years thereafter the Northmen made voyages to Woodland and Vinland. They went to cut wood, because the bleak shores of Greenland gave them little timber; or to trade with the natives, in order to get the furs they needed to keep them warm. But they never settled there. Perhaps this was because the natives whom they met were very fierce and warlike; or perhaps it was because the country was too far away. Whatever the reason, the visits of the Northmen soon ceased, and the Greenland colony itself came to an end after a few hundred years.

In Columbus's day no one paid any attention to the bleak lands beyond Iceland. The voyages and discoveries of the Northmen were forgotten. How different it was with Columbus! When he and his men took possession of San Salvador, that October morning, there began a new era in the history of the world.

“ They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
‘ This mad sea shows his teeth to-night
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'

"Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'"*

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

More than nine hundred years ago some white men from northern Europe settled in Greenland and discovered part of North America. But this discovery by the Northmen had no important results and in time was forgotten.

Four hundred fifty years ago civilized white men were acquainted with only a small part of the world—Europe and those parts of Asia and Africa that border on the Mediterranean Sea. They knew little about the rest of Asia, and nothing about southern Africa, and nothing about America. They had few of the comforts and conveniences of the present time; for instance, the art of printing was so new that few persons owned a book.

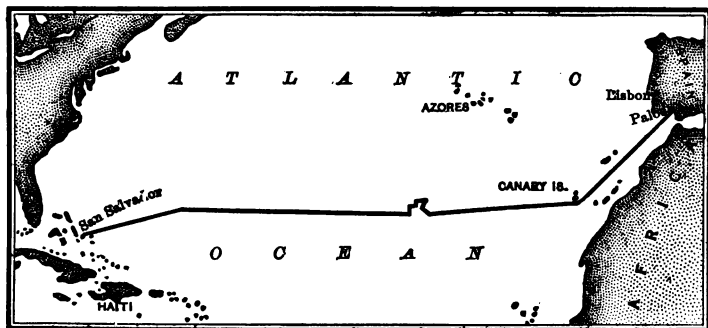
At that time people had what seem to us many strange notions. For one thing, nearly every one believed the earth to be flat, and felt sure that to

* Joaquin Miller: Columbus.

venture too far toward the edge in any direction meant certain destruction.

There were, however, a few people who believed the earth to be round. Christopher Columbus, an Italian, was among these. In addition, he had the idea that if he should sail westward from Europe he would come to the Indies, or southeastern Asia, which was then reached only by traveling eastward. He tried to interest the monarchs of Europe in his plans, but met with failure, until at last he secured the aid of the Spanish rulers, Ferdinand and Isabella.

Columbus and his men, in three small vessels, set sail from Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492. They journeyed westward across the unknown Atlantic, and landed, October 12, on an island which they supposed to be near Asia, but which was really one of the West Indies, off the American coast.



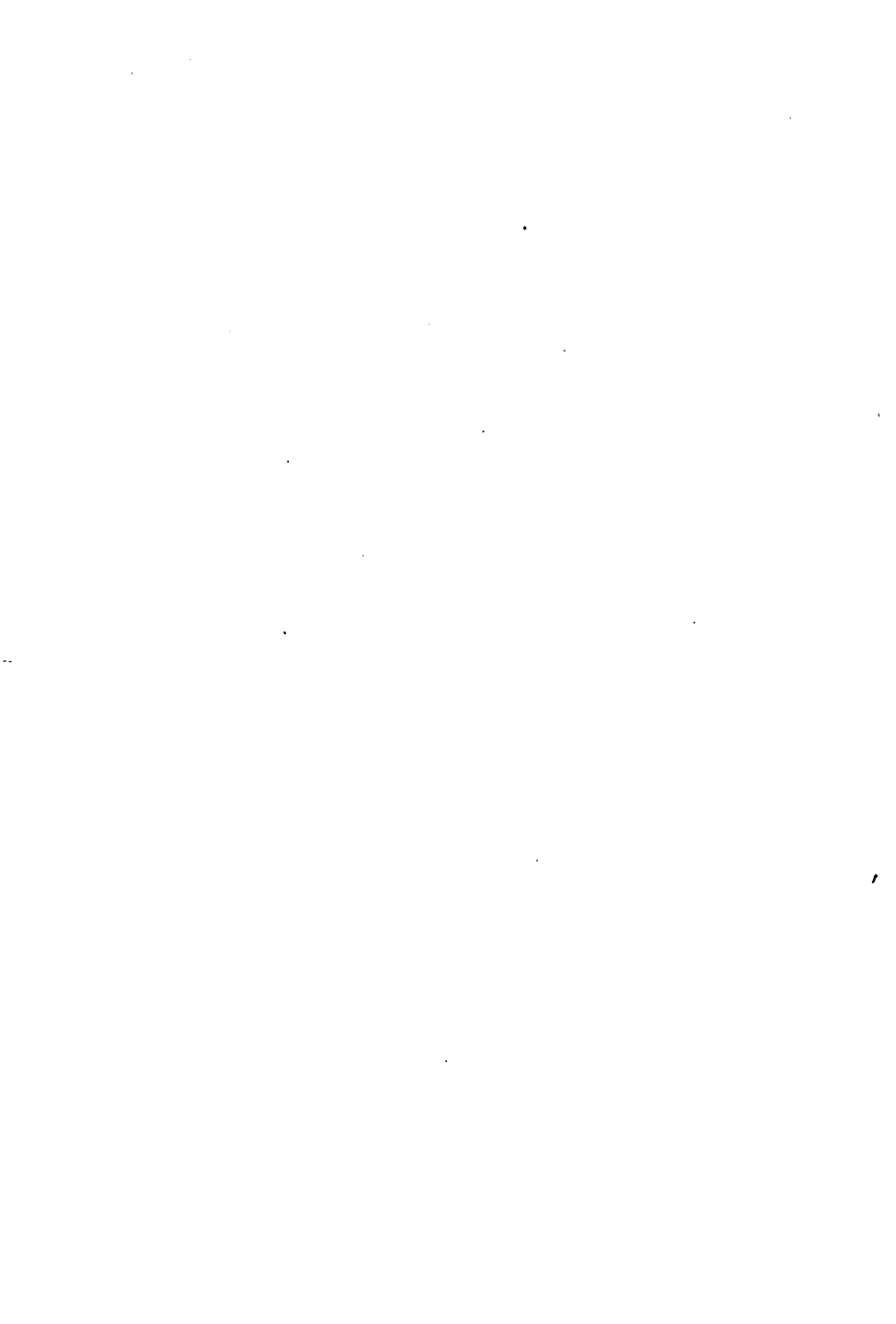
First voyage of Columbus

FACT TO BE MEMORIZED

Columbus discovered America in 1492 and established Spanish claim to territory.

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"Presently the eagle spread its broad, strong wings"

CHAPTER II

THE AMERICAN INDIANS

WHEN Columbus and his followers landed on San Salvador, not a person was in sight, although all were certain that, from their ships, they had seen people upon the shore. Presently, here and there, the foliage rustled and pairs of bright eyes shone through. Before long it was possible to make out human forms lurking among the bushes. When finally they came into full view, the sailors were amazed, for never before had they seen such people. These natives were tall, slender, and straight, with skin the color of copper. They regarded their visitors half in fear and half in wonder. There were many of them, and they all seemed young and strong. Their hair was long, coarse, and black. They wore no clothing; nor did they need any, so warm and balmy was the air. Many, however, had painted themselves red, black, or white: some, only about the eyes, the nose, or perhaps the high cheek bones; others, leaving the face clear, had decorated their bodies. As Columbus felt sure that he was in the famous Indies, he called the people Indians.

Columbus and
the Indians

Fear of the strangers brought by the wonderful "white birds" held the Indians back for a while, but curiosity was stronger than fear. Attracted by the bright clothes and glittering armor of the white men, they came stealthily nearer and nearer. To the first, Columbus held out a string of beads. The red man seized it eagerly and showed his thanks by signs. To another, Columbus gave a bright red cap. Soon all were crowding about him, eager to receive the gifts. Some ran into the woods and returned with balls of cotton thread in their hands. These they gladly exchanged for beads, caps, or for small bells, which they rang with childish pleasure.

One young Indian whose body was gorgeously painted stared long at Columbus, admiring his rich clothing. Approaching, he timidly extended one hand and touched it. Then he pointed to the white man's sword. Columbus drew the sword from its sheath to show it. Quickly the Indian sprang forward and seized it by the blade. Great was his surprise to find that it cut him. Then he pointed to several deep scars on himself and on some of his companions. These, he explained, pointing to the north, came from an enemy who had tried to take them captive. Columbus believed that the enemy must have come from the mainland of Asia.

Nowhere on the island did the white men find any trace of gold; but they saw one tall Indian in whose nose was a ring of the precious metal. They at

once asked where he had obtained it. The Indians seemed surprised that any one should show so much interest in the golden ornament, but they explained that to the south was a ruler who had plenty of gold, — even his dishes were made of it.

The search
for gold

The entire day was spent on the island, and at night the sailors returned to the ships. Early the next morning they were visited by many Indians. Some swam out to the boats; others came in canoes made



Dugout canoe

of great logs which had been hollowed out. The sailors, as they watched the Indians dip their clumsy paddles into the water, decided that hoisting sails was easy work, after all. When a canoe upset, its men, plunging headlong into the water, would right it, and bail it out while they clung to the sides. Then, indeed, did the sailors declare themselves fortunate; for in comparison with these canoes, their own ships seemed safe and handsome.

The following day, having taken several Indians on shipboard, they set sail toward the southwest, passing many islands. Columbus landed at two of them, and named one for the Spanish king, Ferdinand,

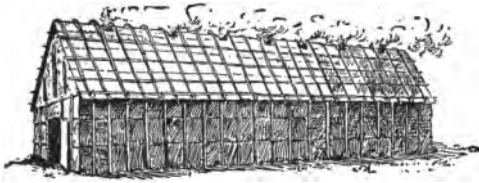
and the other for Queen Isabella. Approaching the island now called Cuba, the white men were amused to see the natives flee into the woods in fear of them. On account of its size Columbus did not recognize it as an island. He felt sure that it was the mainland of Asia. Accordingly he sent two men far inland with a letter to a famous Asiatic ruler. Great was their disappointment. No magnificent palace did they find, — nothing but fifty rude huts, — and no gold!

Sailing east from Cuba, Columbus reached the island now known as Haiti. When the full beauty of the region burst upon him, he felt sure that here must be gold. Here were sparkling waters, tall mountains, and many kinds of trees that “seemed to reach to heaven.” The people had parrots to offer for the beads and caps of the strangers. Their chief looked upon Columbus as a being from another world. Nothing was too good to give him and nothing was too much trouble to do for him.

When one of the ships ran ashore, the chief formed all of his people into a rescuing party. In their canoes they carried load after load of supplies from the wrecked vessel to the shore. Piled up beneath the trees, the white men’s goods were safe from harm. Had not the chief forbidden his men to touch them? Columbus stayed with these friendly red men while making ready for the homeward trip.

Columbus called these new-found people Indians,

because he thought he was in the Indies. Who in reality were they? We now know that they belonged to a race of men who had inhabited **Indian tribes** America for thousands of years. In North America, east of the Mississippi River, there lived three large groups of these people: Creek, Iroquois, and Algonquin. The Creeks and other tribes of simi-



Iroquois long house

lar speech lived in the south. The Iroquois and kindred tribes lived in the north, as did also the many Algonquin tribes.

Of these, the Iroquois interest us most. These powerful tribes lived in what is now New York state. As many as fifty families some- **The Iroquois** times lived in one house. We have today, in our large cities, apartment houses in which fifty or more families live; but the Iroquois did not build their houses of stone, floor upon floor, higher than the tree tops. They built long, low houses covered with bark. Within, a hallway extended the entire length of the house, and the space on each side was divided into compartments, one for each family.

Every four families had a huge fireplace in the middle of the hall, in which to do the cooking. Thus, if twenty-eight families lived in one of the long houses, there would be seven of these fireplaces, and above each an opening in the roof to let out the smoke.

In charge of each long house was a mother or matron. All the game and other provisions were brought to her, and she portioned out to each family its share. Her word was law in the house, and he who disobeyed her ran the risk of being put out of his home.

Let us look into one of these small Iroquois homes of long ago. Here lives little Star Flower. She is a very proud little girl, for her father lately has been elected war chief, a great honor in her tribe. In some other tribes a man is chief merely because his father was chief before him, but Star Flower's father was chosen for his bravery.



Papoose

In a corner you may see the shining black eyes of Star Flower's baby brother. Perhaps you do not know that Strong Wind, for that is the papoose's name, is in his cradle; for he seems to be standing upright. The cradle is a gayly decorated leather pouch with a wooden back, and baby is placed in it, wrapped in soft downy coverings. He plays with a rattle

made of a bone, or with a string of beads fastened to the side of his crib. See him stretch out his chubby brown hands to the ten-year-old brother who now enters the room.

Big Brother has been wrestling, or perhaps swimming, with boys of his own age. To be brave and to fight is the ambition of all the boys.

Sometimes they pretend to go on deer ^{A boy's life} hunts, or to fight fierce battles. When Big Brother is a few years older he will begin to show in various ways how strong he is. He will go without food and, in order that the others may know that he is fasting, will blacken his face. His companions will test him by cooking and eating food in his presence, so that the odor will tempt him almost beyond endurance. Shame upon him if he weakens and eats! The boys will despise him ever afterward. Again, he will go into unknown parts of the forests and, trusting to the sun and wind alone to guide him, will travel for days and days. When the weather is very cold, he will lie outside all night without any covering.

Big Brother has his own bow and arrow, smaller than his father's, it is true, but strong enough. With them he practices daily, for when he grows up he must kill a wild animal or two before he may take his place among the warriors of his tribe. As for his sister, he looks down upon her, — she cannot fight or hunt! There she goes now, with her mother, out into the fields to work.

Mother carries Strong Wind in his cradle, strapped to her back, but while she and Star Flower work, the cradle, with baby in it, is hung in a near-by tree. Occasionally Star Flower grumbles when there is corn to hoe; she would much rather stay at home and weave baskets or sew with bright beads. Then her mother tells her how fortunate she is to be an Iroquois girl, and live in a beautiful long house. Many other tribes live in wigwams made of skins, and at moving time the wigwams are carried along and put up again by the women.

Full well does Star Flower know that her people, the Iroquois, are better than their neighbors. She has been told so over and over again ever since she was a baby. Her brother boasts of it, and her father says it proudly as he puts on his eagle feathers and war paint before a fight. Star Flower never tires of looking at the black spots on the feathers. These show the number of enemies her father has killed. Notches in the side of a feather show the number of scalps he has captured, and a feather split in the center means that he has been wounded. Once she asked her mother why the big father used the paint. Was it to frighten the foe? Whereupon Star Flower's mother explained the custom by telling her the story as she had learned it when she was a little girl.

“Long, long ago, a chief went in search of food for

his starving people. For days and days he wandered without finding a single animal. At last, as he grew faint and weary, he saw a deer. Raising his bow and arrow he shot at it, but missed it. He had, however, struck an unseen panther, which, with a howl of rage, sprang toward him and would have killed him if unexpected help had not been at hand. It seems that a bear, a great friend of the chief, was near by. Knowing that neither the panther nor any other animal will eat bear's flesh, the shrewd bear sprinkled his own blood upon the man's forehead. Up came the angry panther, but what did he smell? A bear? No, he would not eat a bear. With disgust he started to turn away, but, before leaving, dashed his paw across the man's cheeks, making deep stripes from which the blood spurted. The chief let the blood dry, and upon his return showed the scars to prove how marvelously he had been saved. In gratitude his people painted just such marks on their own bodies."

Many other stories does the Indian mother tell her children, tales of dead heroes and of the cunning animals that roam the forests. Star Flower talks to the wind and to the waters, for she believes that they understand her and will be kind to her if she is a good little girl. More than this, there are certain creatures that must not be killed, and certain places to which one must never go, for it is in these that the Great Spirit dwells.

In the compartment next to Star Flower there lives

a small girl who one day threw a stone at a Sacred Snake. Soon after, she was very, very ill. The medicine man came with his herbs and his charms. For many days he made her drink a bitter tea while he tried with all his magic to break the spell that the Sacred Snake had cast upon her. One night the fever was so high that the medicine man declared that nothing but the famous snake dance could possibly save her life. The Sacred Snake, they thought, liked to have the people dance for him, and so an immense fire was built in a near-by clearing. All the young men and some of the older ones took part in the dance. Round and round the fire they went, leaping into the air and coming lightly to the ground, swaying their bodies and clapping their hands and shouting. The old men sat at a distance, smoking long pipes. Just within the shadows the women crouched upon the ground, wrapped in their warm blankets. They talked softly to one another of their own little papooses, who were sound asleep. Finally, when word was brought that the sick girl was better, they crept silently away. The dance ceased and the dancers followed their squaws.

While Star Flower was still a small girl a dreadful war broke out between her tribe and one of the hated Algonquin tribes. It was such a cruel war that Star Flower remembered it all her life. When an old woman, she told her grandchildren about it, to show how bitterly the Iroquois had always

The medicine man

Warfare

hated the Algonquins. The Algonquins started the war by sending the Iroquois chief a snake skin filled with arrows. The response was war paint, tomahawk, bow and arrow. and a wild dash into the forest after the enemy. The young men rejoiced, for here was a chance to win scalps to



Flint arrowhead

be hung by the hair from their belts. To cut off the scalp of a fallen foe was oftentimes difficult, for his friends would fight valiantly to prevent it. Some Indians believed that if a man's scalp was gone he could not enter the Indian heaven, the happy hunting ground where there was plenty of game to hunt and no work to do.

Nothing could be more cruel than the Indians' treatment of prisoners. Sometimes they lashed a prisoner to a tree and built a fire a few feet away.

Gradually the fire was enlarged until the **Cruelty** heat from it began to scorch the victim's flesh. Even then, the captive Indian scorned to let his tormentors see his suffering. He knew full well that if ever his tribe were victorious they would repay each cruelty with a greater one.

The Indian fighter generally stood behind trees or bushes. His deadly arrow would go hissing through the air and strike, but the shooter could nowhere be seen. Some tribes dipped their arrow tips in poison, so that the wounds they made would be fatal.

When two hostile tribes had had enough of war, their chief men would meet and talk the matter

The pipe of peace

over. If they finally decided that there should be no more fighting, a pipe of tobacco was brought and lighted. Silently taking a long puff, each brave would hand it to the next, who also smoked in silence. When the "pipe of peace" had been smoked, fighting would be stopped, at least for a time. A tomahawk was buried to show that the two tribes were friendly once more. To complete the treaty of peace, belts of wampum were exchanged.



Wampum

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Pipe of peace

Wampum was made of pieces of shining shell, strung, like beads, on strips of deerskin. With some Indians white beads meant peace, and black ones war or danger. Several strings woven together formed a strip which meant, "This belt preserves my word." Wampum often served the Indian for money. When one tribe wished to send a message to another, a belt of wampum had to accompany it, or the message would not be received.

Great deeds of war would be told over and over by the story-teller of the tribe. Sometimes he would take the skin of some animal and draw pictures on it to record the history of a famous fight. The children would watch him while he worked. Occasionally he would stop long enough to tell them stories. Here is one of their favorite tales:

The
story-teller

“A little boy found a baby eagle with a broken wing. He took such good care of it that its wing soon healed. The boy took the bird to the river and told it to fly away. At first it did not seem to care, but presently the eagle spread its broad, strong wings and disappeared. Many months afterward the boy was in his canoe on a very dangerous part of the river. As he neared the rapids his paddle broke. Just then a dark shadow fell across the canoe, and, raising his eyes, the boy saw his friend, the eagle. With outstretched hands he seized the bird by the legs. Over the waters and through the air his feathered friend carried him until they reached the bank. Slowly it came to earth until the boy's feet touched the ground. Then, as the boy let go, it flew swiftly away.”

Like other Indian braves, Star Flower's father went to war, made his canoe and his weapons, hunted wild animals, and fished. His squaw did her part of the work. It was she who planted corn and sometimes ground it

A squaw's
life

between stones and made it into meal. She dug roots and carried water for the family needs. She wove baskets and made the few dishes that the family used. The dishes were formed of clay and baked hard in the hot embers of the fire. The squaw tanned the skins of the animals which her lord brought home. Her needle was a fishbone, and for fine thread she used the inner bark of certain trees. For stronger thread she used the sinews of certain animals.

When a stranger came, it was the squaw who prepared the meal for him. No good Indian would fail to eat it, for to refuse would be the height of rudeness. Star Flower once laughed at an old and wrinkled man who used to visit her family. She really could not help it, he walked in such a wobbly fashion. But her laughter was soon cut short. "Hush, Star Flower," said her mother sternly. "Never speak evil or make fun of any one who has slept under your roof!" Thus spoke the Iroquois mother; but all other Indians, whether north or south, were just as ready as the Iroquois to keep the door open for the peaceful stranger.

Scattered over a vast area around the land of the Iroquois, were many tribes of Algonquin Indians. Some of them roamed about from place to place. Think of having to carry your house with you! That is what these Algonquins, like many other tribes, did. When they had found a place near good water, the tent

Hospitality

**The
Algonquins**

or wigwam would be pitched. A number of poles were planted in the ground in a circle and drawn together at the top. The whole was then covered with skins, or sometimes with bark. An opening was left at the top for the smoke to pass through. A deerskin or bearskin served as a door. The squaws would put up the wigwam and take care of the inside of it, too. But that did not



Wigwams

mean very much work, for the Indians were neither very clean nor very tidy.

Sometimes there were many wigwams near together, enough to form a little village. Then there might be a wall of posts around the village for protection. When the people intended to remain a long time in one place they put up larger wigwams, some of them big enough to hold five or ten families. On a winter night, it was not very warm inside the wigwam. The fire in the center gave the only light. Around it the family gathered at mealtime. The father would eat first, and the squaw and children would take what was left. Here were told all the tales of birds and flowers, of animals and men.

Perhaps no other Indian child knew so many

stories of birds and animals as did the little Algonquin. A favorite story was that of the bees. “There was a time,” a little boy would tell you, “when these small creatures had no stings. The birds with long bills and the bear, who loves sweet things, were in the habit of stealing all the honey that it had taken the thrifty little bees so long to make. At last the poor bees went to the Great Spirit in much distress and told their trouble. The Great Spirit liked the bees because they never wasted their time, so he gave them the dreadful stings which they now have. The hornets and the wasps heard of this and they too begged the same gift from the Great Spirit. The bees then stored up much honey in their nest in a hollow tree. Along came a fat old bear. He managed to climb the tree and to reach the nest just as the bees were returning from the fields and flowers. This was their chance! They flew at the poor old bear and stung him here and there until he fell to the ground howling with pain. As we well know, from that day most of the birds and beasts have left the bees alone, although the bear likes honey so well that he sometimes steals it in spite of the stings.”

Most of the Indians had peculiar dances which they used in preparing for war. One of the best known of these war dances is that practiced by some of the Algonquins. For this, a smooth piece of ground was selected, in the center of

Legends

The war dance

which a pole was set up. Then around and around the braves would dance, to the slow beat of the drum. Sitting about were the singers, who, in a low monotonous voice, would chant the war song. This song described their bravery and their hopes of victory. In it, too, they told how they would treat their enemies, and in it they urged their women not to weep.

As the dance progressed, the drums were beaten faster and faster, and the dancers became more and more excited. The warriors would throw themselves



Stone tomahawk

back and forth, wildly waving their tomahawks. From time to time they would give forth the shrill war whoop. Again, a warrior would leap from the circle and strike the post as a sign that he wished to speak. Then the dancing and singing would cease and the warrior would tell of past wars.

Occasionally at the war dance a sham fight would take place. In this fight the dancers would show how they surprised an enemy, how they tomahawked him and scalped him and drank his blood!

When some one died strange things were done: If

it was a man of importance, the shrieking and wailing of the people could be heard a great distance away.

A funeral They would tear out their hair by handfuls. They would cut their flesh and keep the wounds bleeding. The man's relatives would not eat until after he had been buried. At the grave his personal belongings, such as his bow and arrows, pipe, and tomahawk, were burned or were buried with him. His dog was put into the grave, too. A meal was prepared and left near by, for it was believed that he would need nourishment on his long journey to the happy hunting ground.

In some tribes the people would conduct a wild, fantastic dance around the grave. After this the friends and relatives would go home, all except the wife, who would remain until morning. Then the women would come and take her back to the wigwam, where she would blacken her face. She would continue to wear this strange kind of mourning for a year.

In some Algonquin families, when a little papoose died the mother carried a wooden image of her dead baby on her back. A queer way to show sorrow, we might say, but it meant as much to her as the locket with its picture does to some mothers to-day.

The Creek tribes and their kindred lived in the country north of the Gulf of Mexico. Some of their most interesting people made their homes in Florida. These were called Seminoles, which means wild men, or runaways. They loved

their beautiful land, and under its sunny skies and by its bright waters they led peaceful, happy lives until strangers came to take their homes from them. Then they showed how cruel and revengeful they could be.

Every Indian has a keen love of ornaments, and the Seminoles were particularly fond of them. Many a brave wore a headdress like a turban, made of rags tied together tightly about his head and fastened by a silver band. A squaw would wear string upon string of beads until sometimes she carried ten or twelve pounds of them.

The Seminole showed the same scorn of suffering as did the other Indians. Taking a live coal from the fire, he would place it upon his wrist and keep it there until it was cooled. Then stooping down he would pick up another to put in its place. Did it hurt? You would never have thought so from his expression.

In many tribes, as among the Seminoles, a special time to show endurance was at the great feast of the green corn dance. The medicine man would arrange the time for the dance by ^{Green corn} _{dance} the moon, and then send runners from village to village with the message. This dance was to show sorrow or happiness or to do penance. If one had done something wrong he had to leave the circle of braves who were dancing about the huge fire, singing and making music with their shell ornaments. He

was then put into a closed tent in which there was a hot fire. Water was poured over the fire until the whole tent was filled with steam, which almost suffocated him. Next he had to drink a sickening black liquid, after which he was allowed once more to join the dancers about the fire. Before going to the green corn 'dance, the Indians put out their home fires. After the dance a brand from the central fire was passed from village to village, and with this they lighted their new fires. The passing of the flaming torch from hand to hand was a sign that there would be friendship among them.



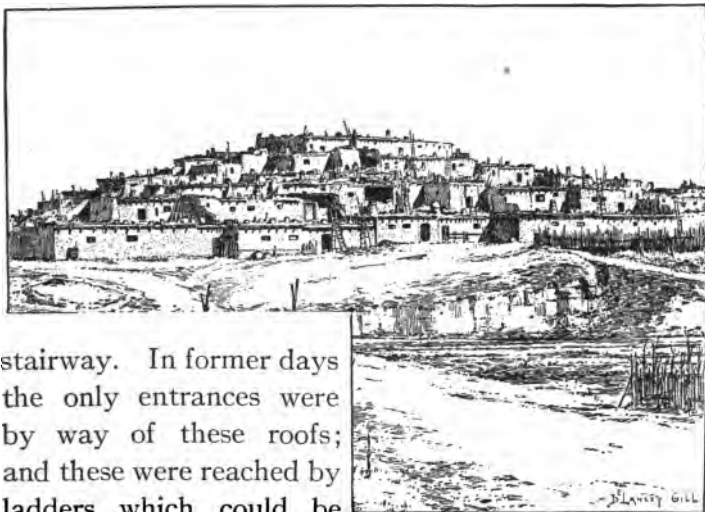
Indian corn

Iroquois, Algonquin, and Creek, — these tribes were east of the Mississippi, but west of the river there were the Apaches, Dakotas, and scores of other tribes.

In the southwest were Indians who lived by farming, and dwelt in houses each large enough to hold an entire tribe of several hundred or several thousand people. A few of these houses are occupied by Indians to-day. The name Pueblo is given both to these Indians and to the kind of houses they build.

Pueblos

The houses are made of stone and clay and are from three to six stories high. Each story is smaller than the one below; so that, on one side, the flat roofs form a series of terraces, and look like a huge



stairway. In former days the only entrances were by way of these roofs; and these were reached by ladders which could be pulled up in case of attack.

Pueblo

In the southwest, also, there are other interesting remains of long-ago inhabitants. These are found along the steep banks of some of the rivers.

Cliff dwellers

Far up the sides of the cliffs are rude houses built in caves. The people who lived there were safe from attack. No enemy could reach them from the overhanging edge of the cliff above them, and they had the advantage over any who might try to reach them from the river below. Just who these people were and when they lived is a mystery hidden in the depths of the past.

In the Mississippi valley there are some curious mounds of earth left by men who once dwelt there. Many of them are large — hundreds of feet in length.

We can only guess as to why they were built. Some were evidently, burying grounds, some were erected as forts, and some were designed to represent the form of an animal. Of this last kind, perhaps the most famous is the Serpent Mound, in Ohio. Little is known about the mound builders, but it is likely that they were Indians not very different from other red men.

The Indian had no books, but nevertheless he knew well the great "out of doors." The sun and the wind, the birds and the flowers were his friends and teachers, and from them he learned much.

"Learned of every bird its language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How they built their nests in Summer,
 Where they hid themselves in Winter,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them.

Of all beasts he learned the language,
 Learned their names and all their secrets,
 How the beavers built their lodges,
 Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
 How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
 Why the rabbit was so timid,
 Talked with them whene'er he met them."*

The Indian was devoted to his home and his tribe, and he was loyal to his friends; but the history of our country shows that he could be a most cruel enemy when he was wronged.

* Longfellow: Hiawatha.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

Columbus landed first on the island of San Salvador and later cruised about among the islands now known as the West Indies. Among those that he visited were Cuba and Haiti. He and his men had come in high hopes of finding great quantities of gold; but they got very little.

Columbus found the new lands inhabited by savage red-skinned people. Supposing that he was in the Indies, he called the people Indians. In truth, however, the land was America and the Indians were native Americans.

The American Indians were divided into many tribes. Chief among those of eastern North America were the Iroquois and the Algonquin tribes in the north, and the Creeks in the south.

The people of these different tribes spoke different languages and had many distinctive customs. They had also many traits in common. They knew nothing of books or written language, but they lived close to nature and knew well the woods and streams and the animals and plants. One result of this sort of living was that they had many legends which they firmly believed and which, even to us, make delightful stories.

Towards one another, the Indians were hospitable in time of peace and cruel in time of war. They were inclined to be friendly with the strange white men, but if these visitors misunderstood them and abused them they could take revenge with fiendish cruelty.

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"Bravely Magellan fought back the natives"

CHAPTER III

AROUND THE WORLD

WHEN Columbus saw one of his ships wrecked on the shore of Haiti, he became anxious to reach home as soon as possible. Moreover, it looked as if the captain of the *Pinta* were playing false. He and his ship had slipped away one stormy night some weeks before and had not returned. Very likely he was trying to reach Spain first so that he might gain the glory of the discovery for himself.

Columbus had only one vessel for the homeward trip. As it was not large enough to carry all his men, some of them would have to remain in Haiti. This would be no great hard-ship, however. The men liked the soft balmy air and the rich fruits of this new country. The Indians were friendly; indeed, they wanted the "visitors from the sky" to stay with them. Besides, the sailors were sure that the island contained much gold which they would get and take home with them on the next trip. As they thought of this and of the weary voyage just past and the fearsome one to come, some of them asked permission to remain. To this, Columbus agreed. He decided to leave a colony of forty men.

The colony in
the New World

But first they had to build a fort to protect the little settlement against possible enemies. Accordingly, with the help of the Indians, they soon put together an odd-looking fort, made from the timbers of the ship that had gone ashore. And this little band must be able to take care of itself. So among the forty men Columbus left a doctor, a shipbuilder, a carpenter, and a tailor. He impressed upon the whole company the need of always treating the Indians fairly and of avoiding quarrels among themselves. From the stores of the wrecked ship they had provisions enough to last for a year.

In order to make the redskins stand in awe of them, Columbus fired a shot through the wreck. Gunpowder had been known in Europe for perhaps a century, and the Chinese had used an explosive of some sort for a much longer time. But European people were just learning to make use of it. As yet rifles were unheard of, and the powder was used in only the rudest sort of cannon. It was such cannon that the Spaniards had. The discharge filled the air with smoke and shook the neighboring forest. The Indians were terrified. But Columbus explained to them that the fort was to protect them as well as his own men. This pleased them greatly. They embraced the admiral and swore eternal friendship with the Spaniards.

On the 4th of January, 1493, Columbus left his

little colony and turned his ship homeward. The sailors gave a parting cheer to those who remained, and were soon at sea. Their anxiety to reach home doubled when storms over-^{The homeward voyage}took them. Such storms as they were!

Had they been encountered on the outward voyage, it is doubtful if Columbus would have reached the New World. Night and day the winds blew and the rain swept the decks. The sailors prayed and fasted. At last all on board drew lots to see which one of them, if they were permitted to reach home alive, should make a pilgrimage to the shrine of some saint. They hoped by this means to bring better weather. The lot fell to Columbus. Still the storm beat in all its fury. Again they drew lots for a night watch at another shrine, and again it fell to Columbus to perform, the sacred duty.

Yet there were no signs of blue sky, and the fear seized Columbus that, after all, they were to be lost. His wonderful discovery and the success of his life plans would never be known. It then occurred to him to write an account of his voyage and set it afloat. He wrote out his story, wrapped it in a piece of cloth, put that into a cake of wax, and the cake into a barrel. The barrel was thrown into the sea. By this means Columbus hoped to save the glory of his discovery for the crown of Spain and his own good name. Just as the sailors were about ready to give up hope, there came a lull in the storm. At

daybreak a glad cry came from a man at the mast-head, "Land! Land!"

The crew were almost as overjoyed as on that other occasion when the cry of "Land!" was heard. Then the land was unknown. This time it seemed like home, although it proved to be only the Azores, which belonged to Portugal. Thence they sailed to Lisbon, where they put in to escape another storm. They were greeted by a wondering crowd. The people of Lisbon were famous the world over for their daring deeds at sea, but now even they had been surpassed. Here were men who told of sailing across the Sea of Darkness and reaching the Indies. Columbus was received by the King of Portugal and urged to remain awhile. But he was anxious to reach Spain. As soon as he could get away, he made a quick voyage to Palos.

Picture the little town of Palos when the white wings of the vessel came into sight. Could it be true? Was this really Columbus with his men home again? Wild shouts went up from the gathering crowds as the ship came to anchor. Such laughing, crying, crowding, pushing, as the men came on land! So many questions to be asked, and such happy wonder at the strange news! A great procession of sailors and citizens was formed along the street leading to the little church. There a solemn mass of thanksgiving was said. Nor did Columbus forget to fulfill the

**Columbus in
Spain**

promises he had made on shipboard when the storms were threatening to engulf ship and men.

Strange to tell, the *Pinta* reached port the same day. This missing ship had been found by Columbus near Haiti, but it had disappeared again during the great storm. As it neared Palos, the shouts of the people reached its commander's ears. By this he knew that Columbus must already have arrived, and that his treacherous plan had failed. So he sneaked quietly ashore and hid for some time. How different from the landing he had dreamed of!

Columbus sent a letter to the king and queen, telling of his arrival and of the lands he had claimed for Spain. Immediately came the request for him to appear at court, at Barcelona. Columbus at
court
The sovereigns could hardly believe the wonderful news. They must see and hear for themselves. The journey to the court was one long triumphal procession. In town after town the people crowded the streets and filled the balconies to catch a glimpse of the wonderful man. They shouted his name, and cheered and sang.

In Barcelona the crowds near the palace were so great that the procession could hardly move. And what a marvelous parade it was! There were some Indians all painted and decorated. They wore golden trinkets which glittered in the sunlight. Strange to say, they seemed not to wonder at the many unfamiliar sights about them. Then there

were men carrying many parrots and other birds of bright plumage, rare plants, and curious stuffed animals. Last of all, surrounded by officers, came Columbus, riding a beautiful horse which pranced as if proud of his rider.

When he reached the palace, the king and queen rose from their thrones to greet him. Those near enough to see him spoke not so much of his handsome clothes as of his fine face and noble bearing. He kissed the sovereigns' hands and then was invited to be seated. This was an honor seldom granted in the court of the King of Spain. Very simply Columbus accepted the marked favor. He displayed the gold and the birds, the animals and the copper-colored people. He told thrilling stories of the "Indies," and promised that in time he would show even greater wonders. How grateful the rulers were! They, with the courtiers and the watching crowd, fell upon their knees and offered up a prayer of thanksgiving.

Columbus received all that had been promised him. He was now High Admiral of the Sea and Governor of the little colony he had left behind him. Singing and shouting his name, the crowds surged about him as he tried to make his way homeward. For many days he could not go upon the streets without being immediately surrounded. The king and queen seemed not to tire of showering favors upon him, and he was often seen riding with the young prince.

Columbus
rewarded

All the gallants of the court were anxious to win like rewards. Many were jealous of the great explorer. A famous story is told of one of the feasts to which Columbus was invited. It is said that a courtier tauntingly asked Columbus if he thought no one but himself could have discovered a new way to the Indies. Columbus did not answer directly. Picking up an egg, he asked if any one present could make it stand on end. No one could. Then Columbus carefully broke one end of the egg



Coat of arms of Columbus

and thus readily stood it upright, saying, "Now that I have shown the way, it is easy for you to follow."

Preparations for a second voyage were soon completed. This time money flowed into Columbus's hands, and instead of three small vessels, he had a generous fleet. The voyage was no longer looked upon as something to be feared.

Second voyage

So when Columbus, with his Indians, left Spain for the second time, it was with music, laughter, and the waving of banners.

Anxious to learn how his little band of colonists had prospered during his absence, Columbus went almost directly to Haiti. Arriving at night, he fired his cannon to tell of his approach. But no

answering shout of welcome greeted his ears, no lights gleamed among the trees. When morning came some men were sent ashore in a boat. A sad sight met their eyes. The fort had been burned. No trace of civilization was left except a few utensils and fragments of Spanish clothing.

The colony in
Haiti

Columbus was greatly depressed at this news. The next day he too went ashore and learned what the Indians had to say. His men, it seems, had quarreled among themselves and had illtreated the Indians of a neighboring part of the island. These redskins, in revenge, had broken in upon the white men at night, set fire to their fort, and killed them all. The Indians near whom the little colony was located had been faithful to their promise to Columbus. They had fought gallantly by the side of the white men, but they too had been overpowered.

Such was the sad story of Columbus's first colony. A discouraging greeting it was for the newcomers. Before long they were attacked by disease, caused by the climate and poor food. Many became anxious to return home, so Columbus let them go with a part of his fleet. They carried with them a little gold and a few of the natives. Columbus remained to explore the country and to establish a colony in Haiti. From time to time new colonists arrived from Spain. After nearly three years Columbus returned to Spain to report to his sovereigns.

Columbus made a third voyage to the New World, but this time he returned in chains. In his absence the men who were jealous of his success had so plotted against him that the king and even the queen became displeased. They were spending large sums of money and receiving little in return. The Indians were new and strange creatures, but they were of no special value. Gold was not coming in bucketfuls as they had hoped. Finally Columbus's enemies succeeded in having another man sent to the new lands to rule in place of the great discoverer, who was ordered home to appear at court. How sad he seemed as he stood before the throne and told of his wrongs! The sovereigns were moved to pity. They gave him a large sum of money and helped him to prepare for his fourth voyage.

Third voyage

Fourth voyage

Columbus returned from this, his last voyage, without glory, a poor, lonely man. He had scarcely reached Spain once more when Queen Isabella died. This was indeed unfortunate for Columbus, since the good queen had been his strongest friend at court. Ill health made it impossible for him to earn a living. The king turned a deaf ear to him. All his friends seem to have deserted him. No one cared now for the man who had once attracted crowds of people to the streets. He died in poverty, though he had gained for Spain a world of wealth.

**Death of
Columbus**

As soon as Columbus had shown the way to the "Indies," many other explorers followed in his path. More and more people heard of the new lands. They stopped upon the street corners to talk of them. In the taverns, and wherever men were gathered together, the subject was sure to be brought up. But for some years no one dreamed that an entirely new continent had been discovered. Columbus supposed that he had found another way of reaching the Indies, or Asia. Naturally the lands he discovered were called, at first, by these names. How, then, did the western continent come to be called America?

The invention of printing had something to do with bringing it about. Some fifty years before Columbus made his first voyage, a German by the name of Gutenberg invented the art of printing from movable types. Think how few people you know who have never owned a book.

**The invention
of printing**



Handmade books

Yet there was a time when a book was something so rare that it was chained in its place. People came to see it, perhaps to read it, just as you go to a library to-day, — with this difference: You may come away with a book or two under your arm, but they had to read or study the book in its place.

Before the days of printing, books were made entirely by hand, in writing. Very beautiful they

were, with bright letters on heavy paper or parchment. Then some one thought of cutting out the letters on blocks of wood; by covering the letters with ink, and pressing them upon the paper or the parchment, many copies could be taken. This was slow work, indeed, for a separate printing block had to be made for every page.

Finally Gutenberg thought of using movable type. He cut out each letter on a separate block of wood or metal. Queer letters they were. Often the knife slipped, leaving ragged edges. Often the letters were not of the same size. You can imagine how a printer of to-day would scorn them. But at that time every one thought Gutenberg's letters a very wonderful invention. Certainly letters that could be used over and over, in printing different pages and different books, were a great improvement over blocks that had to be carved, one for every page.

Until recently, a house in Germany had a sign over its door, marking it as the printing house of "The first inventor of printing with bronze type." Frankfort has a statue which shows Gutenberg, dressed in quaint old German style, with his partner on one side and his accountant on the other. Below are the names of some of the world's great printers, and lower still the names of the cities famous for their printing establishments.

This invention meant that people were to know more of one another, and of the world and the things

in it, than they had ever known before. They naturally wanted to read about the new lands and to study maps of them. Some years after Columbus's first voyage, a man named Americus Vesputius sailed southwest to explore new lands for Portugal. He coasted along a great continent which he knew could not be part of Asia, as it was too far south. He afterwards wrote a letter to a friend, telling of his voyages. This letter reached the hands of a German author who was getting ready a book on geography. He published the letter in his book, and said that the new continent ought to be called America in honor of Vesputius. And America it has remained. At first, the word referred only to South America. In time it was found that the new lands farther north belonged to the same continent, and not to Asia. Then the name America spread over the entire region.

About the time of Columbus's first voyage there was at the court of the Queen of Portugal a bright little page whose name was Ferdinand Magellan. The life of a page was not very hard. He had to show a smiling face, have nimble feet, and be willing to serve. What was to be done with his many spare moments? Ferdinand used his leisure in listening to the wonderful stories that the court attendants were telling. These stories were of strange new lands beyond the seas, and of the wonderful man, Columbus,

**Naming of
America**

**Boyhood of
Magellan**

who had found them. People told how he had persisted when no one believed in him, and how the whole world was now talking of what he had done. As Ferdinand listened, his eyes grew big and his heart beat fast. What a wonderful man this Columbus must be! How he should like to see the great mariner! When he grew up, he too would be a navigator. He would find new lands and see strange people.

When Magellan reached manhood, he studied, worked, and thought a great deal. The Portuguese by this time had really found a new way to the Indies by sailing south and east around Africa. Magellan once went to the Spice Islands by that route. Then he heard that Balboa, a Spaniard, had crossed Central America and had seen an ocean on the other side. His mind was made up. He went to the King of Portugal and told him that he, like Columbus, had a plan for sailing westward to the Indies. But King Emanuel turned him away.

Columbus, after Portugal had rejected him, had gone to Spain. So now it was to Spain that Magellan turned for help. Although he had served his own country in many battles, Portugal disowned him when he offered his services to the Spanish government. His king's messengers went clattering through the little town in which Magellan had lived. From the door of his home they tore down the family coat of arms and trampled it under foot. The neighbors

looked on in bewilderment, wondering what Magellan could have done to bring upon himself so dreadful a punishment.

When Magellan appeared at the Spanish court he met there a man by the name of Gomez. He found that Gomez had already made plans for an expedition similar to his own. But Magellan was undaunted by this. To the king's ministers he said, "I will get to the Spice Islands by the west, or you may have my head." Magellan's plans were chosen because they were simpler and clearer than those of Gomez.

Gomez now complained because Magellan had superseded him and had taken away his chance for fame. The kindly Magellan saw that the poor man was greatly disappointed and, with fine spirit, invited him to be pilot on one of the five vessels of the fleet. One would think that so generous an act would have put Gomez upon his honor. Instead, his bitter jealousy increased, and he grew to hate Magellan. During the long voyage he was the secret leader of several outbreaks. Magellan, like Columbus, spent many anxious moments fearing mutiny.

The best story of the voyage was written by an Italian, Pigafetta. This young man had met Magellan in Spain just before he sailed, and had begged to be allowed to accompany him. When Magellan asked why he was anxious to go, Pigafetta responded, "To see the wonderful things of the ocean." Wonderful things

**Magellan's
voyage**

he did see, and some horrible things, but through all he was loyal to his leader. He describes Magellan as a short, heavily built man, slightly lame as the result of having been wounded in a fight with the Moors. His hair was thick and black, and his eyes gleamed darkly from beneath shaggy eyebrows.



Magellan's ship that sailed around the world

Magellan's fleet sailed along the coast of South America and made several stops. On these occasions, his men carried on some lively bargaining. At one place a knife was paid for six birds, a comb was exchanged for two geese, and a pair of scissors bought fish enough to feed ten men. One scheming sailor secured a bushel of potatoes for a small bell. The inhabitants were queer people indeed. Many of them were so old and haggard that they terrified the sailors. It was reported that in time of war

they cut their prisoners into pieces and ate them. Naturally the crew showed little reluctance to leave this place.

When colder weather set in and the daily allowance of food had to be cut down to make it last, some of the crews became rebellious. Hard fighting was necessary before the mutiny was put down. Then two of the men who had been most troublesome were set ashore and left to their fate. They had acted under Gomez's directions, it is true, but upon them fell the punishment. For two months they remained upon an island, getting food as best they could; then unexpectedly Magellan returned for them. The smallest of the ships was wrecked on the shore of South America. On another ship, strange people and unknown waters made cowards of the crew. The bitter weather and stinging winds drove courage from their hearts. Again they listened to the voice of Gomez, who was pilot of their vessel. Magellan was not of their country, and though he had told them his plans, they distrusted him. They stole away and sailed their ship back home.

It had seemed to Magellan that somewhere in the New World there must be a passage, or strait, through which to sail directly into the ocean on the other side. In searching for such a strait he tried the mouth of every river that looked promising. Many trials did not dishearten him. Finally he came to a passage more

The mutiny

**The Strait of
Magellan**

than three hundred miles long, very wide in some places and narrow in others. Tall mountains with crowns of snow on their stately heads guarded each side. Between these he sailed, and on, until his gaze rested upon the open waters he was seeking. It is said that tears of joy came to Magellan's eyes on beholding this ocean, which he named the Pacific. He called the strait that he had found, "Strait of All Saints," but to-day it is known as the Strait of Magellan.

Said the sailors among themselves, "The strait we came to seek is found. Now let us go home." When this suggestion reached Magellan's ears he responded with firmness that they ^{Famine} would go on, no matter how little food was left, even if they should have to eat the leather on the ship's rigging. So out upon the wide and apparently boundless ocean they went, keeping to the north as much as possible, to avoid the icy waters near the south pole. For weeks and weeks they sailed, with never a sight of land to kindle hope in their hearts. Hunger made them weak. They had almost forgotten the taste of fresh water. Worm-infested biscuit and even sawdust from the ship's deck were eagerly devoured, and he who caught a rat was envied by his mates.

The first island they sighted afforded neither food nor water. Again they sailed on, but the suffering on board increased, and many of the sailors were

stricken with scurvy. This horrible disease caused the gums to become so swollen that they covered the teeth, making it impossible to eat. Some of the sailors died. Others kept themselves alive by chewing bits of leather torn from the rigging and soaked in oil. Little had Magellan thought, when he had talked of eating leather, that his words were to come true!

Another island hove in sight. This time their sufferings were at an end. Food and drink were at hand, and people with whom to trade. These people, however, were great robbers. For this reason the islands were named the *Ladrones*, or Robber Islands.

Thence Magellan sailed to the Philippines. How these beautiful islands delighted the hearts of the Spaniards! At last they had reached the Indies by sailing west! In less than a week they made friends with the people of one large island and converted them to Christianity. They made a mistake, however, in attempting to force the new religion upon the inhabitants of another island.

The attempt was fatal. Immediately upon landing, Magellan saw that his little band was outnumbered.

A desperate fight took place, the Spaniards constantly losing. Bravely Magellan fought back the natives, urging his men meanwhile to run to the boats. At last his helmet was knocked off and his right arm hurt. A quick

**Magellan in
the Philippines**

**Death of
Magellan**

blow threw him to the ground. Like a pack of angry wolves the natives sprang upon him, running their weapons through and through his body.

There were heavy hearts on board the ships for many a day. Even those who had hated and feared Magellan forgot their bitter feelings. They remembered only that a great and gallant man had gone bravely to his death, and that he had died while fighting to save them. The best of them promised one another to go on as Magellan would have had them do.

There was still a long voyage ahead of them. One of the ships was no longer seaworthy; so it was burned. The other two ships, *the Trinidad* and the *Victoria*, loaded a rich cargo at the Spice Islands and then started for home.

Completion of
the voyage

The *Trinidad* sailed back toward the east but had to give up. The northeast trade winds were against her; and her crew were dying of famine and scurvy. So she returned to the islands; upon her arrival, the mainmast was gone, and more than half the crew had died. The survivors were captured by a party of Portuguese, and only four of them ever saw Spain again.

Meanwhile, the *Victoria* had sailed on westward, fighting storms and starvation. When the Cape Verde Islands were reached, a stop was made for food. Here further misfortune befell the courageous crew. Some were sent ashore to procure food and were

made prisoners. To escape capture, the rest of the crew hastily set canvas and sailed away.

Into the home harbor in Spain the *Victoria* came at last, with but eighteen men, wan and half-starved. But these eighteen men, following the plans of the great Magellan, had proved to the whole of mankind that the earth is indeed round. Steering always westward, they were the first men who ever sailed around the world.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

Columbus left a party of his men in Haiti, and with the others returned to Spain. Here he was received with great rejoicing. The people marveled at the strange story he told and at the strange objects he had brought from the New World. The king and queen gave him a royal welcome and bestowed great honors upon him.

Columbus made, in all, four voyages to America; on the second he found that the little band he had left there had entirely disappeared; on the third, he reached the mainland of South America; and on the fourth, the mainland of North America.

By his failure to reach the rich cities of Asia, Columbus greatly disappointed his friends. His jealous enemies plotted against him; his friend Queen Isabella died; the king deserted him; and he lived out his few remaining years in poverty and neglect. He died firm in the belief that the lands he had found were parts of Asia.

America was named for Americus Vesputius, who had explored the coast of South America, so far to the

south that he knew it must be a new continent, and not Asia.

Ferdinand Magellan was the explorer who did for Spain what Columbus had tried to do: he reached Asia by sailing west. Rounding the southern extremity of the South American continent, in 1520, he sailed through the passage now known as the Strait of Magellan, into the ocean which he named the Pacific. In spite of many discouragements he crossed to the Philippine Islands. Here he lost his life in a skirmish with the natives.

Magellan's men endeavored to complete the voyage. Only one of his ships, however, succeeded in reaching home. Its crew were the first people to sail completely around the earth (1519-1522). The feat helped to prove that the earth is a sphere and that America is not a part of Asia, but a separate continent.



Route of Magellan's ship

FACTS TO BE MEMORIZED

America was named for Americus Vesputius.

Magellan's men were the first to sail around the earth, 1519-1522.

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"Not a muscle did the Inca move"

CHAPTER IV

SPANISH CONQUESTS

MONTENZUMA, the mighty war chief of the Aztec Indians, sat in gloomy silence. A very great danger threatened him and his people, and he did not know how to meet it. His messengers had told him startling stories of fair-skinned men and their conquests. The strangers had set up a colony on the eastern shore of Mexico, at a place which they called Vera Cruz. Leaving their little settlement, they had marched inland to the mountains, where they had fallen upon some of the neighboring Indians and had defeated them. As he thought of this, the great war chief shuddered. Powerful, indeed, must they be to have routed these mountain neighbors whom he and his forefathers had long failed to subdue. Soon they would be paying him a visit. There was but one thing to do: He must consult the gods. So **Montezuma** went to a temple.

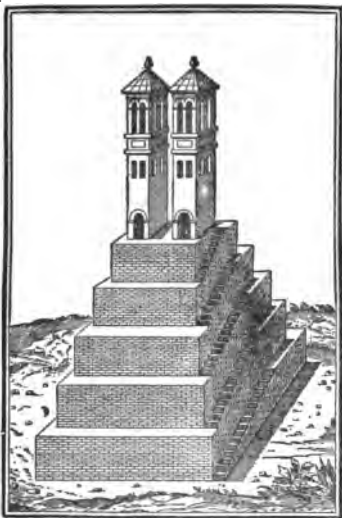
This great Aztec temple was surrounded by a high stone wall with four gateways. Within the wall stood a number of pyramids, the tallest of which was sacred to the god of war. On the broad top of the pyramid were two towers and a large block of jasper dripping

Montezuma

**The temple of
the Aztecs**

with blood. Up the winding stairway that led to the top of the pyramid Montezuma climbed.

Montezuma and his people believed that their gods delighted in having people killed in sacrifice to them. Prisoners of war



An Aztec temple (restoration)

by the thousand were slain here, and parts of their bodies were cooked and eaten by the Aztec people. On this day, no doubt, as at other times of trouble and danger, a child was brought by the priests and placed upon the block. Swiftly he was slain. His heart was cut out and presented to the gods. Into his blood little cakes were dipped, and these

too were offered to the gods. And all the while Montezuma was praying for guidance.

"Montezuma," came the answer from the priests, who spoke for the gods, "have you forgotten that long, long ago the greatest of us, our most honored brother, left you for a while, but with a promise to return? Was he not fair of skin and all-powerful? Is it surprising, then, that these strangers have conquered your neighbors? If this be our brother, re-

turning with his followers, he will conquer every one, and you had best submit."

In spite of this answer, Montezuma was still in doubt with regard to the strangers. From the summit of the temple he could look out upon his great city, the city of Cactus **The city of Mexico** Rock, sometimes called Mexico. It was probably the largest city the western world knew or would know for many a year. It was built in the midst of a great salt lake. It was reached by means of three broad roads called causeways, guarded by drawbridges, and meeting in the heart of the city, where the temples stood. Many of the houses were of red stone, and were of a peculiar shape. They were very large and were built on three sides of a square, often inclosing a courtyard of surpassing beauty. Flowers and grasses were planted on the roofs. There were many cities and villages in the country ruled by the Aztecs, but nowhere was there so remarkable a collection of houses as those which Montezuma now sadly beheld. He finally decided that he had best wait and meanwhile send a present to the strangers. What should the present be?

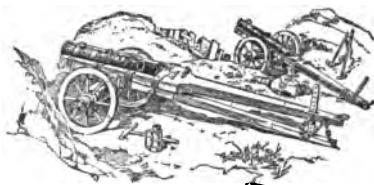
As he descended the temple stairway, he must have gazed upon the homes of his people glistening in the sunlight, and upon the gold gleaming from the peaks of the temples. He could **The Aztec people** see the women, some passing to and fro along the streets that ran beside the canals, others

seated in their canoes. They were dressed in richly embroidered robes of cotton, which reached to the ground. On their feet were sandals. Gold and silver ornaments glittered on ankles and arms. Bright rings hung from their noses or ears. Both men and women wore their hair long; in cold weather a fur or feather cap was used to protect the head. Some of these caps, Montezuma thought, would make excellent gifts; rings and bracelets he would add. In his menagerie were many reptiles and birds and wild beasts, of which he was very proud; and in his palace were beautiful gold birds and other animals, skillfully made. Surely the strangers would consider some of them worthy presents. There were barber shops in the city, where the Aztec Indians had their beards cut with stone razors. The travelers, who were far away from home, would probably be glad to have some of these razors. But most of all they would prize the gold, of which he had a goodly store.

Having decided upon his gifts, Montezuma had but to return to his royal abode and summon his messengers. These were handsome youths, whom Montezuma weighed down with treasures. Cortes, the commander of the foreigners, received them graciously, accepting Montezuma's bounty and sending in return a request for an interview with his majesty. The messengers heard terrible stories of the might of the white men, who, when they fought, were aided by horrible mon-

**Cortes and
his cavalry**

sters. These creatures seemed to have four legs and four arms and two differently shaped heads; and they swept rapidly over the ground, bringing to earth everything in their path. The "monsters" were nothing other than cavalry. The Mexican Indians, however, had never seen a horse before the strangers came. To them, animal and rider were one. The people were further mystified when a soldier dis-



Spanish cannon

mounted from his charger; one monster, it seemed, had changed into two. Worst of all, the white men fought with terrible cannon that seemed to belch forth thunder and lightning. Montezuma heard the messengers' stories with a sinking heart.

Some years before this, Cortes had joined a Spanish expedition to the island of Cuba, where he had gained some property. Hearing tales of the great wealth of the Aztecs, he had left Cuba in 1519, to invade the mainland. He led an expedition fitted out by the governor of Cuba; but the governor soon realized that Cortes was likely to take too much power to himself, so he sent messages ordering Cortes to return. The messages were ignored. When some of the men plotted to go back to Cuba, Cortes sank his ships in order to make a return voyage impossible. He then laid many clever

Cortes in
Mexico

plans for increasing his forces. His entire army did not number 700, but by much scheming he induced the Indians near Vera Cruz to join him. This was not so very difficult a thing to do, since they had been paying tribute to Montezuma and were willing to change masters.

The arrival of Montezuma's gifts fired Cortes with an increased desire to visit Mexico. It was fortunate for him that just at this time the mountain Indians became his friends and allies. Spreading out his forces to make a great show of strength, he descended upon the city. To him and his people it seemed like some fairy town floating in the bright blue of the lake, — the gardens, the glittering temples, the large houses, all these filled them with admiration. They longed to rush in and gather the riches which they felt sure these great buildings must contain. As a matter of fact, the houses held little furniture, no precious stones, and but small quantities of gold. The walls, it is true, bore handsome hangings, and some of the wood used for decorations was extremely beautiful. But only the temples and the king's palaces contained that precious metal which was later to make Mexico a source of great wealth to the Spanish nation.

The temples sickened even the stout hearts of the Spaniards. Within, the walls and floors were clotted with blood; without, grinned thousands of hideous skulls. Such sights convinced Cortes that it was his duty to conquer these people at whatever cost and to

establish the Christian religion among them. Nevertheless, he showed only the friendliest face and declared that he had come to pay his respects and to make a visit. Montezuma received him with as little show of fear as possible, and set apart for him and his followers comfortable lodgings near the great temple. Then Cortes began to work in earnest. Well he knew that whatever was to be done must be done quickly. The Aztecs would not long regard the Spaniards as gods. When they were undeceived, they would probably use their superior numbers to overpower the invaders.



Montezuma

Cortes had seen, in his struggles with other Indians, that to take the war chief was to paralyze the rest of the tribe. News had come of a skirmish near the coast, in which a few Spaniards were killed. The Spanish leader decided to make this his excuse for taking Montezuma and so terrifying the Indians. He called upon Montezuma and explained to him that one of the Aztec chiefs had attacked the visitors. "Of course," he said, "I know that this was done without your knowledge, but I

**Cortes and
Montezuma**

think, to satisfy my people, you had best spend a few days with us."

Very unwillingly Montezuma went. Then Cortes secured the men who had attacked the Spaniards, tried them, and burned them alive before his lodgings. For fuel he used large quantities of arrows and javelins which he had gathered from the Aztec storehouses. In this way he boldly robbed the Indians of a goodly portion of their war supplies.

After several months had passed, the Spanish commander at Cuba sent a strong expedition to Mexico, with orders to arrest Cortes. But that wily captain, with a third of his men, hurried down to the coast and captured the man who was to have taken him prisoner. Then, by rich promises, he induced the new soldiers to join his own band.

During his absence from the capital, the Spaniards had massacred a party of Aztecs, and upon his return, Cortes found the entire city in turmoil. Soon, he and his men were besieged in their quarters; the Indians refused to obey Montezuma, who soon died; and the Spaniards at last had to retreat from the city. The Aztecs were hard and furious fighters. Though they were without horses or cannon, they made up for this lack by their bravery and cunning. More than half of the Spaniards were killed or captured in retreating over the causeway.

At the end of the road, Cortes sat down and wept. But he did not give up. With a stout heart he fought

battle after battle. With more Spaniards and more Indian friends to help, he came back to capture the city of Mexico. After he had obtained possession of the causeways leading directly into the city, victory followed within three months, — but not till most of the people of the city had been killed in battle, or had died of starvation and disease.

During the fighting, the Aztecs lost ground many times in their eagerness to capture Spaniards alive, that the prisoners might be sacrificed to the gods. Think of soldiers fighting while the cries of their tortured comrades were ringing in their ears! No wonder that when the city finally became theirs they tore down the heathen temples with fierce rage. They were, as it seems to us, cruel and brutal to these Indians who were defending their homes and living as they thought right to live. Yet the Spaniards firmly believed that, in putting up the cross in place of the Aztec temple, they were helping the natives, though, at the same time, they robbed them of home and wealth.

Montezuma's land was larger than the present state of Missouri. Much blood was shed in that territory and many an Indian was put to death before Cortes felt sure that the land belonged really to him. It was difficult for the two different races to understand each other. Each was afraid to trust the other. For instance, on one occasion Cortes put the feet of his captives into boiling oil to make them tell

where their golden treasures lay hidden. He did not believe them when they told him that all the gold and silver they had was right before his eyes. Cortes permitted many of the older chiefs to keep their positions as rulers, but this was only for the sake of appearances. Woe to him who showed signs of rebellion! Sharply and quickly he was subdued. It is said that the 13th of August, the day when Mexico surrendered, was kept as a holiday as long as Spain owned the country. The natives, however, never joined in the festivities; and who could blame them?

Southeast from the captured city of Mexico lies a narrow strip of land which connects North America and South America. Here was stationed, about the year 1513, a band of discontented Spanish adventurers. They had been attracted to the country by the hope of obtaining gold. Great was their disappointment to find that the Indians there possessed almost as little gold as they themselves had. Yet stories of untold wealth in near-by countries came daily to their ears.

During the absence of the governor, a gay and gallant man of that venturesome band, Balboa by name, gathered about him some two hundred men, including many Indian guides, and started southward. Crossing the lowlands near the sea, he struck boldly into the mountains. The spirit of Balboa had already shown itself in the way

he had managed to steal his passage to that country. He had hidden in a barrel in the vessel. Not until the ship was well out at sea, did he appear; then he came very near disappearing into the ocean, so angry was the captain. A man who had dared so much was not to be daunted by steep mountain sides. With determined spirit, he persisted in climbing on and on up the densely wooded slopes. Reaching the top of a high peak one bright and sunny day, his eyes were dazzled with the beauty of the scene before him. A great, wide, shimmering ocean stretched away to the south, calm and blue as the sky above. Balboa took possession of it for Spain. He named it the South Sea, but its name was later changed to Pacific Ocean. It was this great ocean over which Magellan sailed a few years later, on the famous voyage around the globe.

Balboa returned to the Spanish settlement. His companions received him with honor, but the governor, jealous of his success, began to hate him. Moreover, he and the governor often disputed over the way the natives should be treated. Balboa believed in kindness and fair dealing, but the governor thought that the Indians understood only force and cruelty. Many jealous people worked against Balboa until, it seemed, he had enemies on all sides. One day a party of soldiers came to arrest him. Their leader was Francisco Pizarro, a young man who had served for some time under Balboa. The charge was treason

and desertion. Balboa did not attempt to resist, but gave himself up, hoping to prove his innocence. The trial, however, was unfair, and by sundown Balboa and four of his men had been beheaded.

For a few years the colony gave its entire attention to the country immediately around it. Then

Pizarro Pizarro was seized with a desire to find the land for which Balboa had been searching. His first expedition was a failure. The second was prolonged and full of hardships. When orders came to him to return with his crew the men were eager to go. Many disappointments had weakened their courage. Not so with Pizarro. Drawing a glittering sword, he marked a line upon the beach. "On this side of the line," said he, "lie home, ease, and safety; on the other, danger and glory." Lifting his head high, he stepped across the line. "Who will come with me?" An instant's pause. Then sixteen daring men followed. The others returned home and told the governor what had occurred. At first he was so angry that he declared he would not help the disobedient explorers, but friends of Pizarro persuaded him to send out a relief party.

This expedition found them, after several months' search, a half-starved company. Joining forces, the explorers journeyed about six hundred miles south of the equator, not daring to go very far inshore because the party was so small. The Indian natives brought them gifts of gold and silver ornaments and won-

derful woolen garments. They were able to secure a sufficient number of treasures to make it worth Pizarro's while to go to Spain with them and there beg for funds and men to conquer the country. In Spain he became the hero of the day. High honors were awarded him and supplies were furnished him. In a short time he returned to the colony with his four brothers and a number of admirers.

The land which they meant to conquer became known later as Peru. It was ruled by a race or tribe of remarkable Indians who were called Incas. Their chief was known as the Inca. Of all the Indians of the New World the Peruvians **The Incas** came the nearest to being really civilized. They worshiped the sun, who was supposed to be the ancestor of the Incas. The story they told was something like this. Long, long before, their forefathers had been as stupid and ignorant as other Indians. They had lived in caves and mudholes, almost like animals. The good, kindly sun looked down upon them and felt sorry for them. He sent two of his children, a man and a woman, to live with them. The man showed their men how to sow seed, to plant corn, and to water the land; the woman taught their women to cook, to spin, and to make clothing. The two ruled for many years, helping the people more and more each year. When at last they went away, their children ruled in their places and were called, as we have said, the Incas.

Every Indian in the land of Peru believed this

story. In the heart of its principal city stood the temple of the sun, a very large and beautiful building called the Place of Gold. On the wall opposite the east door was a huge golden face surrounded by long rays of shining gold. When the light from the rising sun shone upon this face and upon the glittering walls of the temple, the Indian's eyes were dazzled. Devoutly he fell upon his knees to shut out the blinding light, praying to the sun and promising him obedience.



Ancient Peruvian sculpture

After his morning prayer, the Peruvian Indian went to his work. The land was divided into three parts. One part was for the sun, to provide for the care of the temples, and one for the Inca, to provide for the royal household. All the men of each village worked together in cultivating the lands of the sun and of the Inca. The third share of the land was divided among the people according to their rank and the size of each family.

When there were more men than could be kept busy in the fields, some were sent to work upon the roads.

These roads were the pride of the people. From the king's palace they stretched over long distances to different parts of the kingdom. Over mountains and across rivers they ran. At regular intervals along the roads were storehouses and temples to the sun. Here, too, were posthouses in which two Indians were always in waiting, day and night, to carry messages from the Inca. The messengers ran from post to post, much as the runners do in a modern relay race.

About midnight one evening in the month of November, 1532, a watchman in the tower of one of the posthouses beheld a man coming toward him in the bright moonlight. His eyes were distended and his breath came in great gasps. The frightened watchman ran down from his tower. From the panting runner he received the message which was to be carried to the next station: "Our most high and glorious chieftain, the child of the sun, bids you tell his people at the extreme end of this road to guard their gateways well. There are coming to our land great, tall strangers with fair skins, who carry thunder in their hands and who ride horrible monsters with many legs. Do not permit them to deceive you with kind words and gay presents. Be faithful to the only true Inca if you would be saved." Within a very short time the king's dispatch had reached the farthestmost parts of his kingdom. Well might the messengers repeat the story at each post, watching

to see how it was received and reporting to the king whether or not the people would be loyal.

For some time a bitter quarrel had been raging between two brothers who were contending for the throne of the Incas. Each claimed to be the one whom the sun had chosen to reign.

**Invasion of
Peru**

Some of the people sided with one brother, some with the other. Many were true to neither, changing their minds whenever it suited them. Finally one of the brothers defeated and captured the other. He was on his way to the capital city when he was told about the white and bearded strangers who were coming up from the sea. The state of affairs became known to Pizarro, who realized that his chance was now or never.

As the Spanish leader and his small army lay encamped in a town some two miles from the Inca's forces, they saw watch fires kindled one by one on the hilltops, until they seemed almost surrounded by a huge circle of flame. They doubtless thought of Cortes and the horrible customs of the Aztecs, who killed and cooked their prisoners. But that fate, at least, was to be spared them. The temples of the Incas had never known a human sacrifice.

The victorious Inca evidently thought it wise to show an appearance of friendliness toward the mysterious strangers. He sent messengers to the Spaniards with gifts and words of welcome.

The following day Pizarro's brother and Fernando

de Soto, with a company of horsemen, visited the Inca and invited him to a conference with their commander. To frighten the Inca, De Soto drove his horse directly up to the canopy under which the king was seated. Here he kept the animal rearing and charging, while he watched the effect. Not a muscle did the Inca move. Indeed one might wonder whether he saw the horse, were it not that he quietly ordered some near-by warriors put to death, because they had shown too plainly their terror of this strangest of creatures.

A day later, in response to Pizarro's invitation, the Inca, with all the solemn dignity of his race, came into the market place. What a surprise! Where he had expected hundreds of men, he saw but few, among them a pale-faced priest. Pizarro had carefully hidden his men in neighboring houses. The Inca, too, had made his own sly schemes for protection. His bodyguard carried stones and slings beneath their cotton jackets, while close by in the valleys hundreds of Indians were waiting.

The Spanish priest advanced to the Inca's golden litter and bowed low. The king liked that. It was the sort of thing he was used to. "Ah," he said to himself, "Evidently these people know who I am," and he began to pay attention to what the priest was saying. But soon a frown gathered on his brow. So far as he could understand, this stranger was telling him that there was another king greater than he.

This king was ruler of a land called Spain. Moreover, he was claiming to rule the land of the Incas also. What nonsense! It could not be! Yet here was the paleface holding up something to prove what he was saying. The Inca snatched it from the priest and examined it. It was a book, but it meant nothing to him. With a gesture of disdain he hurled it to the ground.

Here was the excuse for which the Spaniards had been waiting. How dare a heathen treat their Bible so! Pizarro put his hands to his lips, giving forth loud and long the war cry, "Santiago!" The yelling Spaniards leaped from their hiding places. They fell upon the Indians, cut them down right and left, and took the

**The Inca
captured**



Inca warriors (Peruvian drawing)

Inca prisoner. In this bold step they were following the example of Cortes in Mexico, but Pizarro went beyond him in cruelty. We find it especially hard to excuse him, since the Peruvian Indians were

mild and gentle people who treated even their enemies kindly.

The Spaniards put the conquered king into close quarters. He was soon begging to be released. Learning of Pizarro's greed for gold, he determined to buy his freedom if he could. "You shall have enough gold to fill this room as high as I can reach if I may go free," he said to Pizarro.

To this Pizarro agreed. Then from all parts of the kingdom came the gold, in vases and ornaments from the temples, in plates from the homes of the nobles. In six months the Spaniards had received fifteen million dollars' worth of gold, besides much silver. But not yet was Pizarro satisfied. Soon he had invented a number of reasons for killing the Inca. In the public square, the heartbroken, frightened Peruvians saw their honored chief put to death by the haughty palefaces. A short time later they were forced to acknowledge as their king one whom Pizarro chose. But though they might bow the knee to him, they would never love him. Though he might wear the red cap, the sign of royal power, they well knew that the real ruler was that strange king in the far-away land called Spain. Their beloved country was their own no more.

Not all the Spanish adventurers sighed for treasures of gold. There was one, Ponce de León Ponce de León by name, who dreamed of a fountain, the fountain of youth. Though governor of the Spanish

colony of Porto Rico, he was not happy. He could not fight so well or dance so gayly as in days past, and he longed to be young again. The Indians of Porto Rico told him strange stories of a magic fountain on an island beyond the broad waters: if one bathed in it one immediately became young again. To Ponce de León this was more to be desired than gold. He would go to the fountain, and bathe in it until his cheeks should become rosy and his muscles hard.

He sailed to the northwest, and one beautiful Easter morning set foot upon the shore of a land which he named Florida. The country blossomed with flowers of every hue. The air was sweet with their fragrance. Brightly colored birds gleamed in the foliage, and the whole country seemed like a fairy garden. Its loveliness encouraged Ponce de León to believe that this was indeed the place of the magic fountain. Long and earnestly he searched, but he failed to find it. In a second expedition he tried to found a colony in Florida, but he failed in this, too. Discouraged and tired out, the poor old man soon afterwards died.

Although Fernando de Soto had obtained a fortune in Peru with Pizarro, he proposed to explore Florida in further search for gold. Upon his return to the court of Spain he had been crowned a hero, and was appointed governor of Cuba, with absolute power over Florida. He had but to

De Soto

ask for equipment for a voyage to the wondrous land that he wished to visit, and money and supplies came like summer rain. The most handsome and most dashing of the young men of the court begged to be taken to the New World. A noble lady smiled upon De Soto. He persuaded her to become his wife and go with him to Cuba. There they received an enthusiastic welcome. For some time De Soto remained on the island and joined in the festivities. Then he arranged for a long journey of exploration upon the mainland. When he left Cuba he made his wife governor in his place.

De Soto's first landing was on the west coast of the peninsula of Florida, of which he took possession in the name of the crown of Spain. Thence his march led through a cluster of Indian villages located on the banks of a stream and guarded well by the savages. Fierce as were the Indians, they met with unheard-of cruelty at the hands of De Soto and his men. Some one has written that "the route could be traced by the dropping of dead bodies, like the route of Hop-o'-my-Thumb in the fairy tale by the dropping of white pebbles." The Spaniards found their greatest danger in the remarkable skill that these Indians displayed in the use of the bow. So straight could they speed an arrow that the largest and strongest horses fell from beneath the riders without a quiver, pierced through the heart. Even a little toddling boy would have his bow and arrow, and

would sit in the sunshine and shoot for hours at the worms and lizards at his feet.

The Spaniards' eager questions about gold drew out little information, but they did learn of a village farther north where pearls were abundant. Thither they marched, bravely enduring cold and hunger. The village they sought was ruled by a young girl, who showed them true Indian hospitality. The villagers had many pearls. Wild joy thrilled the Spaniards when they beheld baskets full of pearls of all sizes. Yet it seemed best to take only as many as they could carry comfortably, for they hoped to find yet richer lands.



Spanish armor

Journeying day by day, always working away from the sea, they came at last to a bluff from which they beheld the mightiest river of our country. This is what an old Spanish account says of it: "If a man stood on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he were a man or not; and it was of mighty depth and current, and the water was muddy, and brought along down stream continually great trees and timber." Yet

**The
Mississippi**

the great Mississippi River failed to arouse their enthusiasm. In the search for fabulous wealth they crossed the river, to explore western regions. They went through parts of Arkansas and northern Louisiana, and returned to the mouth of the Red River. Here progress was cut short by a fever which seized De Soto and caused his death.

With their brave captain gone, the Spaniards became panic-stricken. It was he who had held in awe the ferocious Indians. Should the savages learn of his death, nothing could hold them in check. The men therefore determined to hide De Soto's body. To all questions concerning his health they replied that he was getting better. Great fear spread through the camp when, in the early dawn, Indians were seen prowling about the place where the dead leader was buried. So the white men felled a huge oak tree, hollowed it out, and placed the body in it. Then they organized a fishing expedition, and while pushing their boat from shore dragged along the coffin tree. Carrying it out to midstream, they sank it. Thus to a watery grave was consigned the body of a man who had been brave and courageous, but who had practiced unspeakable cruelty.

The expedition had lasted more than three years. The travelers were sore in body, sick at heart, and altogether discouraged. Building rude boats, they sailed down the river. Some reached Mexico and remained with the colonies started there by Cortes. A few

others had sufficient ambition left to push on to Cuba, there to relate the wonders and the horrors they had encountered.

While De Soto was exploring west of the Mississippi, another party of Spaniards, under Coronado, were not far away. Accompanied by a large force of Indians, they had set forth from Mexico in search of a wonderful kingdom of seven cities, said to contain boundless treasure. They visited the grand cañon of the Colorado, and then went as far northeast as the present state of Kansas. They never found the fabled cities, but, through their explorations, they did add greatly to the geographical knowledge of America.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

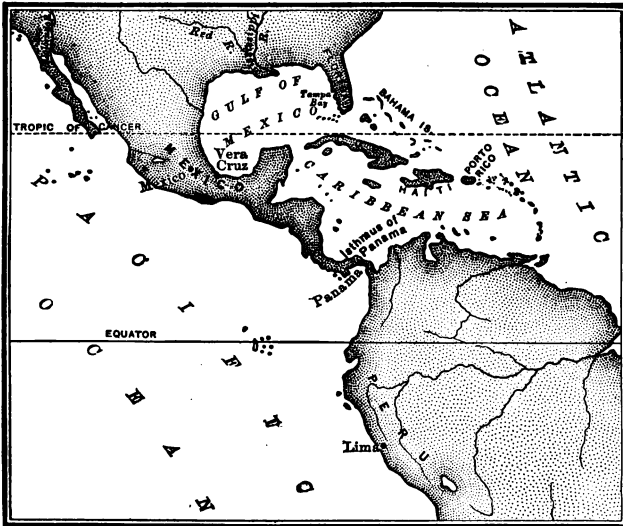
Ponce de León in 1513 explored Florida in search of a fabled fountain of youth. This, of course, he failed to find. He also failed in an attempt to found a colony in Florida, and died before reaching home.

Another Spanish explorer was Balboa, who in 1513 crossed the Isthmus of Panama and discovered the Pacific, seven years before Magellan made his voyage to this ocean.

In 1519, Cortes invaded Mexico. Within two years, with great cruelty, he subdued the Aztecs. He captured their capital, the city of Mexico, and robbed them of their stores of gold. The Aztecs were more advanced toward civilization than were the Iroquois and other Indian tribes farther north. They built

houses of stone, and made and wore clothing and jewelry. They erected temples to their gods and offered human sacrifices to them.

One of the men who had served with Balboa was Pizarro. He led an expedition southward from Panama and explored the land of the Incas (1532). These people he conquered, using inexcusable cruelty and taking from them millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver. These Indians were even more nearly



Spanish conquests

civilized than the Aztecs. The country they inhabited is now known as Peru. They had an elaborate system of roads, with storehouses and temples at regular intervals. They worshiped the sun and believed their king to be descended from it, but they did not make human sacrifices.

In 1540, Coronado set out from Mexico with an expedition which spent two years in exploring large areas of territory west of the Mississippi River. At about the same time, De Soto, who had served under Pizarro, made extensive explorations from Florida westward to the Mississippi and beyond. He died in 1542, and was buried in the great river which he had discovered.

FACTS TO BE MEMORIZED

Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513.

De Soto discovered the Mississippi River in 1541.

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"Champlain leveled his gun and fired"

CHAPTER V

FRENCH SETTLERS

ONE stormy night a French privateer was tossing about on the black waters waiting for a Spanish vessel which was soon to pass that way.

Cortes, the conqueror of Mexico, had loaded a ship with golden gifts for his king. For days the Frenchmen had kept a sharp lookout for the oncoming prey. Their captain, Verrazano, was more to be feared than the storms and the darkness. So well known was he that when his great black ship suddenly loomed out of the darkness, and he demanded the treasure, the Spaniards hastily gave up everything, asking only that their lives be spared. The Spanish gold was taken to the French court. When Verrazano presented it there he petitioned for supplies that he might make a journey to the New World to win glory for himself and for France.

His petition granted, he made a brave start; but furious storms destroyed three of his four vessels. With the remaining ship he pluckily pushed westward. He had left France in January, 1524, and before the end of February he reached the coast of what is

now North Carolina. Thence he followed the shore northward, poking his ship into several of the promising harbors, including the one at the mouth of the Hudson River. After voyaging as far as Newfoundland, he returned to France in the full belief that he had been very near to China.

Kings, like other people, are sometimes jealous. The King of France complained that Spain and Portugal were acting as if they were heirs to all the earth. He, too, would put in a claim for some of the new territory. Accordingly he dispatched Jacques Cartier to find a western route to China, and, on the way, to claim for France whatever new land his path should cross. Cartier reasoned thus: The Spaniards have explored the south. Mexico and Florida are theirs. The most promising region for further discoveries must lie farther north. Hence he steered his vessels to northern seas.

As he approached the shores of Newfoundland, huge icebergs hove into view, compelling Cartier to seek the shelter of some harbor. The neighboring shores were full of wonder to the sailors. For one thing, they were the homes of mysterious birds, which circled about the ships, dipping lower and lower and uttering weird cries, half frightening and half delighting the sailors. Much to the sailors' amusement, too, Cartier presented a red hat, then very fashionable, to a naked Indian chief, who perched it upon his head with glee. Resuming the voyage, Cartier sailed halfway around

Voyage of
Cartier

Newfoundland and explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

On Cartier's second voyage he sailed up the St. Lawrence River, hoping that this would prove to be a strait leading to the Pacific. But the natives told him that the waters, farther up, lost their saltness. If this were so, of course it could not be the passageway that he was seeking. Nevertheless, Cartier was so deeply impressed by the grandeur of the river that he determined to follow it further.

The Indians tried to prevent him, not by force but by craft. They sent to his vessels three odd creatures dressed in the skins of black dogs. Their faces were painted black, and huge horns projected from their heads. These make-believe devils were intended to frighten the sailors. The painted warriors said that they were messengers of their gods sent to warn the strangers of the ice



Cartier's ship

and snow that they would surely encounter farther up the river. At the news the sailors set up a scornful laugh. "Go back and tell your gods that they are crazy," said the sailors. "If you will believe in our God he will save you from cold and hunger even as he takes care of us." Then Cartier's fleet moved on.

The whole company were brimming over with curiosity. At each little village where they stopped on their way up the river, the sailors asked, **Canada** by signs or through a guide, the name of the place. The reply was always the same, "Canada." This was because Canada is an Indian word for village. Thus it came about that a third of North America is called by that name. At one Indian settlement which they visited, the wondering natives flocked about the strangers, bringing out their lame and sick, to be made well, as they hoped, by the Frenchmen. Before leaving this village, Cartier was escorted to the top of a near-by hill whose beauty had attracted him. He named it Mount Royal. The French words for this name have since been combined into Montreal, the name of the city at the foot of this hill.

Farther down the river the Frenchmen built a fort. The closing in of winter brought to them hardships of many kinds. They, as well as some of the Indians, were soon stricken with a kind of scurvy. The first of Cartier's men to die was a lad of twenty. By opening his body the others hoped to learn the

nature of the disease, but were unsuccessful. As sailor after sailor fell ill and many died, a new danger threatened. What if the Indians should learn of their losses and attack them? With every approach of the natives Cartier drove his men, even the sick and dying, to the walls of the fort. There they hammered and banged, so that the braves would think them busily at work.

Cure came about in this wise. One day, while pacing the sand, Cartier saw a savage who had been as ill as any of his sailors. Now he was walking about in perfect health. Upon inquiry, the Indian pointed to an herb which had healing properties in its leaves. A plentiful brewing of this herb soon restored to health most of the white men.

When spring came Cartier and all his men returned to France. A little later he made another voyage to Canada to found a colony, but the enterprise failed. Through Cartier's discovery and exploration France laid claim to the northern part of North America.

Another French attempt to colonize was made in Florida, many miles north of the St. Johns River, at a place which was named Port Royal.

Two ideas led to the founding of this **Huguenots in Florida** colony. First, the King of France was anxious to secure in some way part of the land that was yielding such treasures to Spain. Second, there were people in France, known as Huguenots, who were hindered in their worship because their religion differed from that of the king and most other

Frenchmen. They were advised by Coligny, a Huguenot nobleman, to found a colony in the New World, where they would be free from persecution. To the king, Coligny pointed out that here was a great opportunity to get ahead of Spain.

So a band of Huguenots was sent to America. Alas for them and for the ambitions of kings! Most of the colonists had never learned to work. For a while they lived upon the bounty of the neighboring Indians, but the crops were poor that year, and before long the Indians had no more to give. The Huguenots found themselves in a country whose breadth knew no bounds, but they were as helpless as if they were imprisoned. They cudged their brains for some means of escape. No one knew how to build a ship, yet to try seemed their only chance. At length they constructed a crazy vessel on which all set out to sea. Their progress was slow. Their food supply gave out. With much of the voyage yet to cover, they were reduced to desperate straits. They fell to eating their own shoes. Some one suggested that the life of one might save the rest. Driven to desperation, they cast lots. The one who was chosen they ate, like the worst of cannibals. This kept them alive until the captain of an English vessel saw them and picked them up, only to hold the poor half-crazed creatures as prisoners.

Undaunted by so complete a failure, Coligny two years later sent out a second colony. This time the

settlement was made on the St. Johns River and was called Fort Caroline. Constant quarrels among themselves, and their inability and unwillingness to work, reduced this band to a state almost like that of the earlier colony. When they were about to give up, some English trading vessels hove in view. From



Fort Caroline (from an old print)

their bold Captain Hawkins the French received a little aid. Further help came, some three weeks later, when vessels sent from France bore down upon them, with more men, more supplies, more of everything, including fresh hope and cheer.

Rumors of a French settlement in Florida soon came to the court of Spain. What right, questioned the haughty Spaniards, had France to trespass upon their property? Had not **Spaniards found St. Augustine** Spain laid claim through Columbus and Ponce de León to that entire region? Moreover, the settlers were Huguenots and therefore hateful to the

Catholic Spaniards. An officer named Menéndez was dispatched with almost unlimited power to defend the rights of Spain. At his first landing he took possession of the forsaken home of an Indian chief and strongly fortified it. Thus was founded, in 1565, the oldest town of the United States, St. Augustine. News of the Spaniards' arrival quickly reached Fort Caroline. After serious discussion the Huguenots decided that it would be well for them to strike first, and that their best chance for success lay in attacking the Spaniards from the sea.

It was a sorely frightened and despairing little company of women, children, and a few sick men who saw their strong leaders depart for St. Augustine. Hardly had the ships left the harbor when a frightful storm broke upon them. It raged for days, and before it ceased every ship had been wrecked. The Spaniards rejoiced when they saw how impossible it would be for the French to land safely during the violent storm, and they set about making preparations to attack those who had been left behind.

Although it was a dreary march through the swampy wilderness, the Spaniards were cheered onward by the thought that they were going to defend the honor of their country. Reaching the French fort, they shouted their war cry, "Santiago," fell upon the unprotected Huguenots, and killed them with a savage joy such as only half-crazed people could display. Scarcely a handful of women and

children did they spare, and some of these later died of fright. A few men escaped to the woods, hoping to reach the French vessels and obtain aid.

The Spaniards returned to St. Augustine quite sure that they had

done a noble deed.

If they could but

slaughter the remain-

ing Huguenots as

they had slaughtered

these, their satisfac-

tion would be com-

plete. Soon Menén-

dez managed to get

all the men from the

French fleet into his

power. He bound

them hand and foot

and told them of the

destruction of Fort Caroline. He showed them the

clothing of his victims to prove the truth of what

he said. Then at a signal these helpless Huguenots

were killed. Looking to-day upon quaint and quiet

St. Augustine, one can hardly imagine that our oldest

town knew so stormy a beginning.

The Frenchmen were not long in seeing that

trading for furs in the north would be as profitable

as hunting for treasure in the south. In order to

have some one always ready to do business with the



Spanish gateway at St. Augustine

Indians, they started a colony in Acadia, — the name given to a large region around the Bay of Fundy.

**The French
in Acadia**

Because Acadia is no farther north than the southern part of France, the colonists expected to be spared such cold winters as Cartier had known on the St. Lawrence. As a matter of fact the climate of Acadia is far more severe than that of the west coast of Europe. When winter came, the ground and the water froze; even the meat could be used only after chopping it into pieces. Many of the colonists fell sick and died.

Next summer the colony moved across the bay and chose a new site called Port Royal. They felt sure that this was a much better location, and their spirits rose. These strong men began to play like children. Each day they appointed a man to get the meals, whom they called the Grand Master. At meal-times he wore a gorgeously embroidered collar; a napkin was thrown over his shoulder. It was he who led the march into the dining room, each man falling into line behind, beating time upon his plate. Of course each Grand Master tried to provide a better dinner than the one before. Sometimes the men hunted for the dinner, sometimes they fished for it, often they bought it from the Indians. Frequently they invited a chief to their repast, for the French people as a rule treated the red men very kindly. They seldom made slaves of them as the Spaniards did. Nor did they steal from them. For the furs

which the Indians brought them they always gave something in return. We may think they got much the better of the bargains, but the Indians were satisfied.

The attempt to found a colony in Acadia was abandoned for a time. But Champlain, who had been active there, now led a new colony to the St. Lawrence. In 1608, he founded the city of Quebec, the first permanent settlement in Canada. Most of the Indians of this section

**Champlain in
Canada**



Early French gun

of North America were wandering tribes of Algonquins. They were the deadly enemies of the powerful Iroquois tribes called the Five Nations, — the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Mohawks. These five tribes had joined forces and were living in the region south of Lake Ontario. By their strength and ferocity, they had cowed all the neighboring tribes.

The Canadian Indians marveled at the destruction a handful of white men could work by the use of their firearms. They too wanted this power, to enable them to avenge the injuries they had suffered at the hands of the Iroquois. Accordingly, when Champlain asked them for guides on his exploring ex-

peditions, they said, "We also are in need of help. Will you not go to battle with us against our enemies?" Champlain dreaded to refuse them, savages as they were, for he feared to lose their friendship. He did not know that to aid them was to bring upon himself and his fellow countrymen the hatred of stronger and more terrible tribes.

When Champlain promised to go, the Algonquin braves made mighty preparations. They fasted and then they feasted. They prayed to their gods and danced their war dances. They made new weapons and put fresh paint upon their faces. When all was ready, the guides led the war party from the St. Lawrence River to the beautiful lake that now bears Champlain's name. Their plan was to attack some Iroquois village. They traveled by night, paddling their canoes silently, for fear that some wandering hunter might see them and give the alarm. But it happened that a band of Mohawks was also voyaging on the lake. At ten o'clock one night the two parties saw each other. They agreed to wait until the morning, the Iroquois giving their consent to this arrangement with scornful sneers, so sure were they of success.

The Iroquois had promptly landed. The Algonquins remained in their canoes till dawn, and then went ashore at some distance. In the bright light of the morning both parties advanced. As they neared each other, the

**Battle with
the Iroquois**

Algonquins stopped and made a pathway through their ranks. Between the crowds of dark-skinned bodies Champlain advanced in his glittering armor. The Iroquois stood still in awe at the dazzling and godlike figure. Before they could quite get their breath, Champlain leveled his gun and fired. So careful was his aim that a chief and another Indian fell. Horror seized the rest. For a moment, however, they stood fast, while Algonquin and Iroquois arrows filled the air. Then came shots from the guns of Champlain's two white companions. That settled it. The Iroquois turned their backs upon the Algonquins and fled. With shrieks and yells and wildly waving tomahawks the friends of Champlain dashed after them, bringing upon the proud warriors of the Iroquois one of the sorriest defeats they had ever known, and one which they never forgot.



Old picture of Quebec

A few days later Champlain was again at Quebec. The first houses in this village were located on the shore at the foot of a high cliff; but afterwards many were built on the plateau above. Quebec
 Later the city was strongly fortified and came to bear an important part in the history of America.

Champlain devoted the remainder of his life to the interests of his colony. Many times he journeyed

back to France, always to return with some new good for Quebec. Just as he sought to care for his own people, so he watched over the Indians. He brought priests into the wilderness. They were wise and good men, who set about to learn the native languages, that they might teach the Indians the Christian religion, and be their friends. Farther and farther into the wilderness the Frenchmen pushed their way, establishing forts and missions where the Indians might come to learn of the new religion, or perhaps to be cured of some disease.

After the hard struggle of the first years was passed, Champlain, on one of his visits to France, married a young girl, and took her back to the New World with him. Her brother was one of Champlain's right-hand men at Quebec. As he greeted her upon her arrival he called her a noble girl. She must indeed have been of good courage to leave her home for this life of danger. It is told of her that she went freely in and out of the Indian camps, playing with the Indian children, teaching them and talking with their mothers. After her husband's death, many years later, she became a nun.

Champlain died amidst the scenes of his labors, twenty-seven years after founding Quebec. During that time, he had sent explorers as far west as Lake Michigan, had led the Algonquins in many a hot skirmish with the Iroquois, and had built a trading post at Montreal. In all that he did, he sought friend-

ship and peace between the French and the Indians. Of all the men whom France sent to the New World, Champlain was the greatest. He richly deserved the title that has been given him, — "Father of New France."

Father Marquette was one of those Jesuit missionaries who knew that the best way to prove to the Indians that they were friendly, was to learn the native languages. For years he lived among them and labored for them.

Marquette
and Joliet.

Finally the opportunity came to him to carry his religion to the Indians farther south. Joliet, a courageous and hardy young explorer who had traveled much in the new land, was sent out by the French governor to explore the great river which the northern Indians called Mississippi. Marquette was ordered to go with him. Five men were hired to paddle their canoes for them. Starting from the mouth of Lake Michigan, they went up the Fox River. Then, with the aid of some friendly Indians, they carried their canoes overland to the Wisconsin River, and the rest of their voyage was down-stream. One morning in early June their eyes beheld, on their right, broad meadows, and before them, tall forest-covered hills, below which ran a wide and strong current. It was the Mississippi, the same river, though they did not know it, that had been visited by De Soto more than a hundred years before.

The
Mississippi

Into the swift current the hardy explorers guided their canoes, and continued their voyage. The next Indians they saw were some of the Illinois tribe, who received them with elaborate kindness. Marquette



Marquette and Joliet on the Wisconsin

explained in his gentle way that he had come to tell the Indians of the God who loved them, and who would never do them harm. In reply, the great chief said that he was glad to see the strangers, that their coming made the flowers sweeter, made the river more calm, made their tobacco taste better. Then he

ordered a feast in his own home, which was crowded to suffocation by Indians who had come to look upon the strangers. First there was porridge to eat, which the Indians fed to the Frenchmen as a token of high respect. Next there was fish, and a grave old warrior removed the bones with his fingers and dropped the morsels into Marquette's mouth, — first blowing loudly upon them to cool them. Then a large dog was served, but since the strangers did not seem to care for this, the feast ended with a dish of buffalo meat.

They resumed their journey, and soon came to the mouth of the Illinois River. As they were paddling along just below this, the men suddenly cried out in alarm. Above their heads were big monsters painted on the flat faces of the overhanging rocks. The creatures were as large as dogs, with faces like those of men, horrible long tails, and bodies covered with scales. As Marquette looked upon these Indian gods, he was more decided than ever that he must teach the red men the true worship.

Even while Marquette and his companions were talking about the fearful pictures, their canoes began to toss wildly about on the rocking waves. **The Missouri** Great billows of surging yellow water came tumbling into the quiet river. It seemed as if they must be approaching a larger stream than the one they were following, and indeed they were. No wonder the Indians called it Missouri — “muddy river.”

Going with the stream, they followed the Mississippi farther and farther south. Marquette made several halts to preach to the Indians. Sometimes the savages received him in friendly fashion and listened to his words. Often he feared even to land, but slept at night far away from the bank, with a watchman on guard to warn against possible attacks.

When the French had gone as far south as the mouth of the Arkansas, they were fully convinced that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, and not into the Pacific Ocean as they had hoped. They knew that if they followed the Mississippi to the Gulf they might perhaps be seen by the Spaniards, whose ships sailed those waters. The gentle Marquette feared them more than he did a village full of Indians, and even the hardy Joliet preferred not to meet them. They had explored a large part of the Mississippi, and they were ready to return. The homeward trip proved more difficult than sailing down the river had been. The current was against them, and

The return their little crew were worn and weary.

When they reached the mouth of the Illinois, they left the Mississippi and pushed up this river. Carrying their canoes across a portage, they reached Lake Michigan again, after an absence of about four months.

A year later Marquette returned to the Illinois River, and here busied himself among the Indians. In the midst of his loving work, he was taken

seriously ill. Some Indians went with him to Lake Michigan; then two devoted friends started with him in his canoe north toward the mouth of the lake, in search of help. But Marquette became so ill that they were forced to land. He said a cheerful farewell to his friends, and gave them his blessing. Before morning he was dead. They buried him according to the instructions that he had given. The following year a party of Indians sought his grave, dug up the bones, and with solemn ceremony bore them back to the mission where Marquette had worked, there to rebury them beneath the floor of the little chapel.

Death of
Marquette

Another Frenchman who sailed the waters of the Mississippi River was La Salle. He first built a fort on Lake Ontario and named it Fort Frontenac, for the French governor of Canada.

La Salle

On quiet evenings when the young men gathered about the fire to talk of the Mississippi and of a possible passage to the Pacific Ocean, La Salle too saw pictures in the glowing fire. He dreamed of France as the mistress of this wonderful new continent. It was she who should buy all the furs from the Indians. All the rich vege-



La Salle's house (Canada) in 1900

tation of the Mississippi valley was to belong to her until the French should become the richest nation in the world. Perhaps he saw himself holding some office of great honor and power.

To accomplish all this there must be many posts along the Mississippi, with a strong fort here and there to hold the land. La Salle laid his plans before the king and was given permission to carry them out. Under La Salle's instructions a vessel was built on the Niagara River, the outlet of Lake Erie, to help in the fur trade and to carry supplies. Its prow bore the figure of a strange creature known as a griffin, from which the ship received its name. The *Griffin's* sails were the first to catch the strong breezes of the upper Great Lakes. When La Salle's party was fairly started on its way toward the Mississippi, the *Griffin* was sent back to Canada with a rich cargo of furs. While waiting for the supplies she was to bring in return, the explorers pushed on as far as the Illinois River. Here La Salle began to build a good-sized vessel in which to sail down the Mississippi. Here also a fort was erected, called Fort Heartbreak, a name that fittingly describes the sufferings of the explorers.

La Salle waited as long as he dared, but the *Griffin* did not return to Lake Michigan. Then, with a small party, he started for Montreal. The journey was so terrible that all but La Salle gave out. His courage helped him to push on and on. When he reached

his destination, there was still no news of the *Griffin*, nor was she ever heard from again. Some say that the Great Lakes, in an angry storm, swallowed up the new craft so strange to their waters; others, that the crew sold her cargo and sank the ship.

Further discouragement came to La Salle. The news was brought to him that some of the men at Fort Heartbreak had mutinied and had destroyed the fort. Quickly and resolutely the silent Frenchman set out to punish the offenders and to help, if he could, the few who had remained faithful. He succeeded in capturing some of the mutineers on Lake Ontario, and sent them home in chains. The faithful men had taken refuge in an Illinois village. When La Salle reached this village, empty huts, dead fires, and bits of charred human flesh told of the fate of the Illinois Indians; the terrible Iroquois had killed many and driven the rest away.

As it was now impossible to finish his shipbuilding, La Salle determined to descend the Mississippi in canoes. He decided to depend largely upon Indian friends. These, perhaps, Indians aid
La Salle might prove more faithful than his white friends. The Indians insisted that the squaws go with them. And, if the squaws went, then surely the babies must go. Altogether they made a party of fifty-four, of whom thirteen were women and children. They started in December. The canoes, heavily laden with provisions, had to be dragged

across the ice and snow from Lake Michigan to the Illinois River, and for some distance down that stream.

It was winter when the journey began, but each succeeding mile southward brought them nearer and nearer to the land of sunshine and flowers. Once they had to halt, for, through a heavy fog which had gathered around them, they heard the dull booming of the war drum and the cry of the war dance. The party landed on the opposite shore, and quickly all set to work cutting down trees and building a fort.

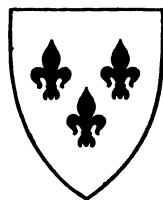
When the fog cleared away, the Indians across the river saw them at their work. These proved to be friendly red men, however. La Salle's party visited them in their village. A young priest wrote home that never before had he seen such handsome men and such kindly manners. The Indians listened in silence while the priest told of the new religion, and also while La Salle explained to them that the great King of France was going to possess all this land and that they must acknowledge him as its rightful owner.

A month later saw a change in the waters of the river. They became more and more salt, and the breezes grew bracing with the breath of the sea. Finally the river divided into three branches. La Salle sent a man down the eastern channel and one down the middle, taking the western one himself.

In a short time he saw the Gulf of Mexico, great, broad, restless, with nowhere a sign of human life. Later, all the men gathered together not far from the mouth of the great Mississippi.

It was an occasion of importance. No one had a new coat of silk or satin, for all their clothing was sadly the worse for wear; but each made himself as smart as he could. From their midst La Salle stepped forth, bearing a post on which appeared the shield of France. This was planted firmly in the soil. Then,

raising his sword, La Salle declared aloud that he claimed for his king the entire land of the Mississippi and of all the waters that flowed into it. The people shouted: "Long live the King! Long live the King!"



Shield of France

Bang went the guns! The people shouted again. A cross, too, was planted, and hymns were sung. "This country shall be called Louisiana for the great Louis XIV," said La Salle. La Salle's Louisiana extended from the Gulf to Canada, and from the Allegheny Mountains to the Rockies.

Not yet could La Salle call his plans completed. He needed to establish a colony to command the mouth of the river. In order to do this more money and supplies had to be obtained. On the return trip La Salle was taken dangerously ill; for many weeks it was feared that he would die. When his health

was partly restored, he built a fort on the Illinois River, calling it Fort St. Louis. Here, high above the plain, protected by rugged cliffs, La Salle intrenched himself for the winter. The native tribes gathered around him, sure of his help against their bitter enemies, the Iroquois.

La Salle's illness, and his return to Canada and then to France for money and supplies, delayed him for two years, after which the work of settlement was resumed. It was a noble party, gallant in numbers, ambition, and spirit, that set sail from France to establish the first of her colonies along the Mississippi. They sailed directly for the Gulf of Mexico, without going to Canada. Alas for the great schemes of La Salle! The pilot missed the mouth of the Mississippi by some four hundred miles, sailing too far west, so that the settlement was made in what is now Texas. A food ship and another vessel were lost. The rich men of the colony learned for the first time what it means to be very hungry. Then sickness came, and many died.

Though La Salle felt most keenly the suffering of those around him, he was so quiet and stern that he found it difficult to express his feelings. People thought him cold and hard because he insisted that they do their part of the work. They began to hate him bitterly. La Salle knew this, but by no sign did he show the pity that he felt. He determined to

La Salle in
Texas

get them help from Canada, and started on foot to traverse the weary distance.

La Salle and those who went with him were in desperate straits. Few were well clad; a number wore coats made from the sails of the boats. The greatest hardship of all was the lack of proper shoes. For a while they tried to make raw buffalo hide do for shoes. But this they had to keep wet all the time, since, when it dried, it stiffened like iron about the feet. At length they were able to buy deerskin from the Indians, and of this they fashioned clumsy moccasins.



Indian moccasins

Conditions grew worse daily. The feeling of hatred against La Salle grew stronger and stronger until a coward shot him from ambush. The plotters dragged his body into the bushes, leaving it there to be devoured by wolves, and continued on their way. The tragic death of this great man was followed by the miserable ending of the colony he had tried to save. The starving colonists were attacked by the Indians and slain or carried off by them.

Death of
La Salle

Although La Salle's attempts at colonization did not succeed, through his efforts France added a goodly territory to the land she already claimed in the New World.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

The Spaniards were not the only Europeans who made ventures in America. France did her share of exploring the New World. The earliest of the French explorers was Verrazano, who, in the year 1524, cruised along the coast from North Carolina to Newfoundland.

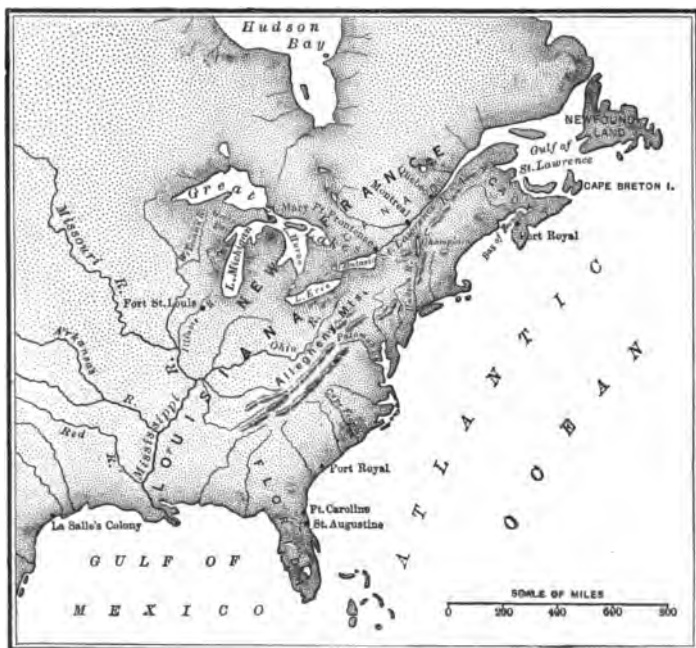
Ten years later Cartier visited Newfoundland and explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence in search of a waterway to Asia. On his second voyage he sailed far up the St. Lawrence River.

France was also interested in the land farther south. Some Huguenots attempted to found a colony in Florida. The Spaniards then began colonizing in that region, and in 1565 settled at St. Augustine, thus founding what is now the oldest town in the United States. They disputed the right of France to settle Florida, and succeeded in wiping out the little French colony.

In 1608, Champlain founded Quebec, the first permanent French settlement in America. As governor he devoted the remainder of his life to the Canadian colonists. During this time he sent out expeditions which explored the land to the west, as far as Lake Michigan.

A mistake which Champlain made, but could not well avoid, was in allying himself with some Algonquin tribes against the Five Nations. The powerful Iroquois never forgave him. Years later they still hated the French and always fought against them in their disputes with the English.

Among the later explorers were Marquette and Joliet, who, in 1673, journeyed down the Mississippi as far as the mouth of the Arkansas. They were followed by La Salle, who, in 1682, sailed all the way to the Gulf of Mexico. He claimed for France the entire country drained by the Mississippi, naming it Louisiana in honor of his king.



French explorations and settlements

FACT TO BE MEMORIZED

Cartier's discovery of the St. Lawrence and La Salle's exploration of the Mississippi established French claim to territory.

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"She bade Drake kneel at her feet"

CHAPTER VI

ENGLISH SETTLERS — SOUTH

It was in 1497 — only five years after the first voyage of Columbus — that an English ship first came across the seas to the shores of North America. Its captain was John Cabot, <sup>Voyages of
the Cabots</sup> who, like Columbus, was an Italian. Columbus himself might have sailed under the flag of England. When seeking aid for his first voyage, he sent his brother to the English king, Henry VII. But the king hesitated to spend a large sum of money on an expedition apparently so full of hazard; and, while he debated, Columbus obtained help from Spain.

The news of Columbus's voyage fired Cabot's heart with a desire to sail upon the distant seas. He too would seek Asia by the new route and gain vast wealth by trade. Influenced by the same news, King Henry authorized Cabot to make a voyage of discovery under the English flag, on condition that he, the king, should share in the profits.

Cabot set sail with one small ship and a crew of eighteen men. Hoping to reach China, he steered much farther north than Columbus had done, so that the land he discovered was not far from Newfound-

land. But could this be China? The shores were strangely quiet. There were no cities, no Chinamen, no men of any kind, although the sailors did come upon traces of traps set for animals. Nor did they find great treasure — the trees shook crystal snowflakes upon them in place of the precious stones they had half expected to find.

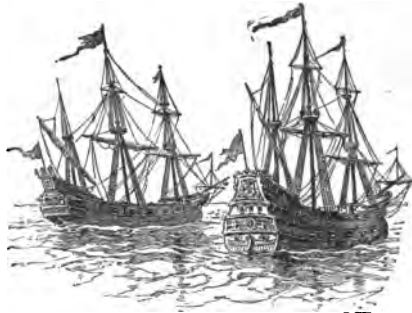
Yet the sailors related wonders enough to make the eyes of the home folk fairly pop out of their heads when, after a three months' absence, Cabot dropped anchor in the little town of Bristol, England, from which he had sailed. "The bears swam out into the water, caught huge codfish in their mouths, returned to shore, and there enjoyed their breakfast." "There were so many fish in these cold northern waters that they hindered the progress of our vessel." Such yarns were hard to believe. Cabot was a foreigner and therefore not to be trusted, but the Bristol people felt that these stories must be true when told by their own town folk. Great was the excitement! Wondering crowds ran after Cabot, who now was dressed in silks and satins, and was called the Great Admiral.

Cabot made a second voyage, on which his son Sebastian accompanied him. They cruised along the coast of North America as far south, it may be, as North Carolina, but they brought back neither golden treasure nor wealth of any other kind. For this reason England sent out no further expedition for a long period, nor did the other nations regard Cabot's

voyages as important. However, we shall see the little country of England, on the strength of these voyages, laying claim to a goodly share in the great New World; and, moreover, making good her claim.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth England looked upon Spain as her greatest enemy. One of the famous men of that time was a dash-
ing young privateer known as Francis **Francis Drake**
Drake, a man who laughed in the face
of danger and cheered on his followers by his

own bravery. Drake knew that much of the money by which Spain maintained her strong navy came from the New World. To go out upon the high seas or to lie in dark bays and capture these gold-laden



Spanish treasure ships

barks on their return to Spain would be one way to cripple that country. In those days privateering was considered a fair and honorable calling, and Drake easily obtained the needed vessels and supplies.

The story of Drake's capture of Spanish treasure in the New World and of the many ships looted on their homeward journey is very exciting, but we are more interested in some of his later expeditions. Drake's ambition was boundless. He had heard of the Pacific

Ocean, discovered by Balboa, and it seemed to him that this might be a stretch of water worthy of English

Drake's sail. So he resolved to explore it. He set
voyage around out with a fleet of five stalwart ships.
the world

Drake did not tell his plans to his crew until they were well on their way. The news was followed by mutiny. Drake acted with promptness and severity. He landed on the coast of South America, put to trial one of the worst mutineers, found him guilty, and hanged him to the nearest tree.

Drake then sailed along the coast to the southern end of South America, and pushed through the Strait of Magellan to the Pacific. A violent storm frightened the commander of one of his vessels, who left in panic and steered for home, following the path by which they had come. Other ships lost track of Drake, and he was left with but one. Undaunted, he pushed northward along the western coast of South America, plundering Spanish vessels and settlements as he went. The next question was how to get home with his captured treasures. To avoid the Spaniards, who were planning to fight him on his return, he tried to sail around North America, but was stopped by the cold. He spent a whole month in a beautiful bay not far from where San Francisco now stands. Then he turned the prow of his ship westward. Passing the Philippine Islands, he was soon in better-known waters.

In 1580, after an absence of about three years, he

reached home richly laden with treasure. His gifts of gold and silver to his queen, Elizabeth, pleased her exceedingly. She summoned him to her presence, and every day granted him an interview. Finally the queen ordered that a magnificent dinner be served upon his ship, and she honored the occasion with her presence. Here she bade Drake kneel at her feet while she dubbed him "Sir Knight," and he became more than ever the hero of the hour.

Drake had sailed around the world, — the first Englishman to do so, — and had taken from Spain a goodly part of her wealth. But he was not satisfied. He devoted the remainder of his life to attempts to lessen the power of England's strongest enemy. Drake rendered his country many important services. Of particular interest to us, however, is the little visit which he made to the shores of California. It helped England, in later years, to claim that her American possessions extended westward to the Pacific.

Some two years after Drake's return from his journey around the world, the lawn of an English castle was one day gay with young men and beautiful ladies, all in holiday attire. Queen Elizabeth was expected. A flourish of trumpets announced her approach. The ladies curtsied deeply and each gallant removed his hat with a sweeping bow as the queen came up the pathway. Suddenly she paused. Directly in her way the rain had left a puddle. The queen was proud

Raleigh and
the queen

of her satin gown and dainty slippers, and she hesitated before this unpleasant place. Quick as a flash a handsome youth sprang forward, and, removing his richly embroidered coat, spread it over the puddle. The queen smiled graciously as she passed over dryshod, and she invited the young man, Walter Raleigh, to walk by her side. She was pleased both with his handsome face and with his very charming manners.

Raleigh was more of a gallant than some of the queen's courtiers. He was accordingly invited to court, where he soon rose in the queen's favor. Thus he was able to carry out a plan he had long cherished. Unlike many adventurers of his time, he was not satisfied with fighting the Spaniards, or seeking excitement in France; his thoughts turned always to the New World. His was an ambitious dream — he would start a colony for England in the great, untried country. When Raleigh besought the queen to grant him a tract of land in America, she could not say no to her favorite. The money for the expedition, however, came from Raleigh's own purse.

In 1584, Raleigh sent forth two vessels to North America. They landed upon a little island known as Roanoke, and their commander took possession of the country for England.

It was a season when the weather was delightful, and the flowers filled the air with their perfume. The Indians were friendly, and the region seemed to the newcomers a radiant paradise. After

**Raleigh and
Virginia**

a few weeks they hastened homeward, scarcely able to wait to tell their good news. Raleigh was delighted with their reports, and so was Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen. The country was named Virginia in her honor, and Walter Raleigh was made Sir Walter Raleigh.

The next year Raleigh sent out a larger expedition of seven vessels, an expedition which he hoped would found the first English colony of the New World. Alas for his hopes! These people were likewise charmed with the mysteries of the strange land. They took note of the "weed," tobacco, believing at first that it had healing power. They were also interested in the potato, a plant new to them. Indeed it would seem that they were filled more with curiosity than with a desire to work. While they were waiting for the return of a supply vessel, Sir Francis Drake, with a large fleet, appeared upon the horizon. The colonists told Drake their fear that the much needed supplies would not come. They begged him to take them home with him. To this he agreed.

The following year Raleigh sent out his second colony. It consisted of one hundred fifty people, who were to build a city and call it Raleigh. The colonists landed on Roa-
noke Island. John White was their gov-
ernor. His daughter, Mrs. Eleanor Dare, was with him, and in August a little girl was born to her. "Because this child was the first Christian child born

The Roanoke
colony

in Virginia, she was named Virginia." Before the summer had passed, the colonists were in great need of supplies. They urged the governor to return home and secure stores for the winter.

When Governor White reached England he found it in a state of tumult. No one would listen to his demands. "Spain is troubling us at our very door," he was told. "We cannot be bothered with your troubles in the New World." Four years passed before White again saw Roanoke Island. He hoped to find an eager, waiting throng. Instead, desolation met his gaze. Not a soul greeted him, not even his daughter. There were indications that the colonists had removed to another island, but storms prevented further search. To this day no one has been able to trace the remains of Raleigh's second colony.

Our admiration is stirred by the generous way in which Raleigh exhausted his great fortune in trying to found an English colony. We must admire him also as we think of how he spent his later days. Queen Elizabeth was succeeded by King James I. This king greatly disliked Raleigh, whom he accused of treason and put into prison. There, instead of bemoaning his misfortune, Raleigh pluckily went to work. He wrote a history of the world. After thirteen years of prison life, he was released by the king, who sent him upon an expedition that was to bring back much gold for the English treasury. The expedition was a failure.

Raleigh's
death

On his return the king again imprisoned Raleigh. From prison he was led to the palace yard at Westminster and there beheaded. Thus was put to death one of England's most courageous souls. The spirit in which he met his death is shown in some lines written by him on the flyleaf of his Bible:

"Yet from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

Raleigh's efforts had failed to establish an English-speaking colony, but they had started people talking about the New World. Each one tried to tell a stranger tale than the last. The gold that was so rapidly filling the Spanish treasury came from a region much farther south than that selected by Raleigh for his settlement. But so hazy was every one's idea of America that people failed to realize this. Every one supposed that there was gold in Virginia, although Raleigh's colonists had discovered none. In fact, they had found nothing more remarkable than tobacco.

Raleigh had learned to use tobacco. The story is told that one day while he sat comfortably puffing at his pipe a servant happened in. When he saw the smoke he thought that his master must be burning up. To put out the fire, he seized a



Raleigh's pipes

bucket of water and threw it over Sir Walter, nearly drowning him.

Sir Walter Raleigh had spent a large fortune, with no very practical results. This discouraged most of the business men of the day from putting their wealth into such ventures. Nevertheless, some were willing to do so. Two companies of Englishmen, one group living near London and the other near Plymouth, obtained from the king the right to plant settlements in the land once given to Raleigh. Each was to have a tract one hundred miles square — stretching along the coast fifty miles each way from its first settlement. The Plymouth Company might settle only within a zone extending from the Potomac River north to about the Bay of Fundy. In the same way the London Company was restricted to a zone between the mouth of the Hudson and the mouth of the Cape Fear River. But neither company was to settle within a hundred miles of the other.

The Plymouth Company sent out an expedition which settled near the Kennebec River in Maine. A fort, a church, and a number of log cabins were built. But the terrible winter that followed drove the last of the colonists home to England. Thus did the Plymouth Company fail in its effort to plant the first permanent English colony in America.

This honor was left for the London Company. Three ships carrying in all one hundred five men sailed

for Virginia. The colonists called themselves gentlemen, by which title they meant that they never had worked and never expected to. It was a very gay company that scanned the horizon for signs of the new land. They pictured to one another the great adventures that were before them, and the heaps of treasures that were to be theirs for the picking up. To add to the excitement and mystery, they had yet to learn what men were to govern them. King James I had given into their keeping a sealed package containing his instructions. This package was not to be opened until they had reached Virginia. In consequence, many of the weary hours of the voyage were whiled away in idle guessing as to its contents.

**The London
Company's
colonists**

There were those who felt sure that a certain John Smith would prove to be among the chosen governors. John Smith's name always brought forth a great amount of talking, for he had both friends and enemies on board. It was worth while to listen to the stories that they were telling of this man. One told how he began to fight in France when he was but a boy, and how, when he grew tired of warfare, he went to live all by himself, like Robinson Crusoe. He had only his horse and some books on war to keep him company. Another told how the desire for battle again seized him and he set out to fight the Turks. In a dark forest of France a band of robbers attacked him. Smith

**Adventures of
John Smith**

fought valiantly, but the robbers were too many for him. They beat him into unconsciousness, took his savings, and flung him aside to die. A peasant, passing that way, found him almost frozen and in despair.

A third story was of one of Smith's famous voyages. The waters grew so rough that the superstitious sailors declared some evil person must be on board, bringing them bad luck. They soon decided that this evil one could be none other than Smith. What should they do with him? There was no need to think twice. Into the sea they threw him. But Smith was an excellent swimmer, and, by using all his energy, he saved himself. He managed to reach an island where the only inhabitants were wild goats. The following morning, however, an English vessel came that way and picked him up.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all Smith's adventures was that of the Three Turks' Heads. This time our soldier of fortune was in eastern Europe, where the Turks were waging warfare. A Turkish captain sent a challenge to the Christian camp. It was something like this: "The ladies are weary; they want to be amused. Will some one come out to combat with a Turk for his head?" The challenge was accepted. Who should go? The choice fell upon Smith. Gallantly he rode forth and, with the first blow, killed the Turk. Then he dismounted, cut off the Turk's head, and returned with it to his army. The Turks were furious. One of their best fighters

sent a personal challenge to Smith. The latter went promptly out to meet him. Almost immediately both warriors broke their lances. Thereupon they drew their pistols and went at each other again. Finally Smith got the advantage and the Turk fell. At this, Smith announced that he would meet yet another Turk. Here was a chance for the Turks to win back the two heads already lost, and get Smith's into the bargain. One of their young men responded to the challenge, choosing battle axes as the weapons. This was a desperate struggle. Each man rushed furiously at the other. Smith's ax flew from his hand. How the eager Turks cheered!



Smith's coat of arms

Nothing daunted, Smith swerved his horse, drew his sword, and plunged it into the Turk's side. A second slash gave him his enemy's head. This ended the combats. Years later Smith pictured three Turks' heads on his coat of arms.

Smith had known, too, what it meant to be taken prisoner and to serve as a slave. This happened in the land of the Cossacks. With no clothing other

than the skin of a wild beast, and with an iron collar about his neck, he had been set, day after day, to threshing wheat. One day, at some unusually bad treatment he grew desperate, and struck his master dead. With hasty fingers, he hid the body and put on the dead man's clothes. Seizing a bag of grain, he mounted a horse and rode like mad away from the scene of his torment. But he knew no peace, fearing lest the mark from the iron collar should betray him. Should he be recognized as a slave, he would be arrested and sent back. Fortunately, he made good his escape to the nearest Christian country, Russia.

On this voyage to Virginia, as the idlers talked about Smith, they began to think of him as a most suspicious character. One could never tell, they argued, what he would do next. It might be that he was planning mutiny. At least, they said, it would be safer to keep Smith in irons. So into irons they put him, and there he remained until the end of the voyage. But once more fortune favored him. When the king's package of instructions was opened, Smith's name was found to be among those who were to govern. He could, therefore, no longer be kept in chains. But although he was released, he was not given the full power of his office.

The long voyage over, the colonists found the new country a region of delight, a marvelous fairyland. But the site selected for a settlement was poorly

chosen. Although it could be defended easily, it was swampy and damp. The settlement was named Jamestown. It was now the middle of May of the year 1607. Farseeing folk would have thought of sowing grain, so as to have a harvest for the coming winter, but not these gentlemen. They failed to realize that they were in a land where food could not be purchased for money. They sought adventure and treasure. The very first sparkle that caught their eager gaze was immediately hailed as gold. Days were spent in gathering worthless bits of a mineral known as mica. Indeed a whole shipload of the stuff was sent to England to prove that Virginia was a gold mine.

**Founding of
Jamestown**

The Indians were far from friendly. They regarded the strangers with disfavor, while the English, in turn, were not always considerate in their treatment of the red men. Almost as soon as Captain Smith encountered these braves he added to his list of adventures. While on an exploring expedition he was captured by a party of them, but immediately gained their attention by producing his compass. The queer little ever-moving needle delighted them. When they attempted to feel it, but were unable to do so because of the glass, they suspected him of magic. To see something moving, to think you were going to put your finger right upon it, and then to find you could not — that indeed was a novel experience to them.

**Smith and
the Indians**

Smith was taken to a camp of the Powhatan Indians. Here he found a young man ill. Smith had another surprise ready for the red men. He told them that if he were permitted to send a bit of paper to his friends, he would promise that, at a certain time and place, they would find a bottle of medicine for the sick brave. The message was sent and, sure enough, the bottle came as Smith had promised.

Even this remarkable use of his "magic" did not save the gallant captain. After a solemn council, the Indians declared that the prisoner must die. They bound him hand and foot and laid him upon the ground. A powerful Indian, with a huge club in his hand, stood over him ready to beat out his brains. Like a flash of lightning, a little Indian maid, the thirteen-year-old daughter of the chief, rushed forward and flung her arms about the prisoner's neck. According to Indian custom, he was released and adopted into the tribe. So little Pocahontas saved John Smith, and for more than a month he lived with the Powhatans. One can imagine that he and the little Indian girl became fast friends.

Presently Smith went back to Jamestown, where he found a new shipload of colonists with fresh provisions. These supplies did not last long, and, since the second set of settlers were gentlemen like the first, the colony soon found itself in a forlorn and wretched condition. The hot sun beat down, making the colonists lazy; the mosquitoes of the low, damp

country gave them fever. Idleness and illness reigned everywhere. Then the sturdy spirit of John Smith shone forth. He cared for the sick and procured food from the Indians as no one else could.

Presently the real worth of the man was recognized and he was made governor. Then he set every man, whether gentleman or not, to work. The rules of the company directed all the men to work together, turning the results into

**Smith's work
as governor**

a common fund. But Smith declared that the men who did not work should have nothing to eat, and he kept his word. Then

did the fine gentlemen pick up their axes and go into the forests. Many of them had never handled an ax before. Each succeeding blow made their hands and arms ache. The pain made them swear. Then said Smith, "There shall be no more of that." For



Gentlemen settlers of Virginia

each time that a man used an oath, he received at night a bucket of cold water down his sleeve. The bad language, you may be sure, soon stopped.

The Indians, however, continued to threaten. One dark night Pocahontas, in her noiseless moccasins, slipped through the shadowy woods and warned

the white men of an intended attack. In a very short time the Powhatan, which means the chief of the Powhatan Indians, received a message from Smith. It said that the white men were ready for them, that they might come whenever they chose. This sudden turn of events somewhat cooled the Indians' desire for war.

After he had been governor for some two years, Smith was so badly hurt by an explosion of gunpowder that he was forced to go back to England for treatment. More men came pouring into Vir-

The "starving time"

ginia, men from all classes of society. Many of them were scarcely of the right sort to help build up a colony. Dreadful times followed, now that there was no strong hand to make them work for their daily meals. Bitter cold brought death to many a homesick colonist. Before long there were more houses than people. As soon as a house was vacated, it was torn down for firewood. Presently, the supply of food gave out. Some of the proud gentlemen became cannibals. They cooked and ate a dead Indian. It is said that they ate even their own dead. At last there were no more than sixty left of a company that had once numbered five hundred. These few were gaunt, haggard, and half-crazed.

It seemed as if once more a colony in Virginia was doomed to fail. Two boatloads of new colonists came to Jamestown, but they had been shipwrecked on the

way, and their supplies were not enough for the whole company. Sadly the forlorn settlers took their few possessions and crept into the boats that were to take them back to England. Down the James River they stole like the ghost of a failure, until they were just where the horizon of the blue Atlantic broadened to view. Then they saw a wonderful sight—the sails of an English boat. They were saved!

Virginia was saved. The new governor, Lord Delaware, turned the pathetic little remnant of Jamestown back to the old fighting ground and once more started the Virginia colony upon its way. This time it was to win success.

One of the greatest evils of the former colony was now remedied. Each man was given a portion of land to work for himself. What he could make it yield was his own and did not have to be turned into a common fund. Besides, the men who now set about to rebuild Jamestown were skilled mechanics, such as bricklayers, masons, and carpenters. Soon a great discovery was made. It was found that the soil of Virginia was especially suited to the growth of tobacco,—that “weed” then so new to the nations of Europe. There was a good demand for it, and it was easy to raise. Soon many acres around Jamestown were yielding tobacco.

A letter written in olden times tells how the Virginians raised tobacco. “Between the months of

**The raising
of tobacco**

March and April they sow the seed, which is much smaller than mustard seed, in small beds and patches. These patches are dug up and made with care. About May the plants commonly appear green in those beds. In June they are transplanted from their beds and set in little hillocks in distant rows, dug up for the purpose. Twice or thrice they are weeded and freed from poor leaves that peep out from the body of the stalk. They cut off the tops of the



Tobacco plants

several plants as they find occasion, when they grow too fast. About the middle of September they cut the tobacco down, and carry it into houses, made for that purpose, to bring it to its purity. And after time has brought it to perfection, it is then tied up into bundles and packed into hogsheads. It is then laid away for trade."

Men of wealth came to Virginia and bought large tracts of land which rapidly developed into tobacco plantations. The larger the plantation, the greater the number of hands needed to work it. The extreme heat and the damp ground made it dangerous for the

workers. Most of the laborers in Virginia were bond servants — persons who were bound to work for their masters for a certain number of years. During that time they were bought and sold like slaves. Some were bound in this way in punishment for crime; others bound themselves to repay their fare to Virginia.

In 1619, however, a Dutch ship brought some twenty negroes from Africa to Jamestown and sold them as slaves *for life*. Slavery was no new idea. European countries had slaves; the Spaniards had enslaved the Indians of Peru and Mexico. The Virginians found that it paid to work the negro in the tobacco field. So, from time to time, more shiploads of slaves were brought over and sold in all the colonies, and the black man, as we shall see later, became a problem that it took many years to solve.

In the meantime the boundaries of the Virginia colony had been greatly extended. In 1619, the year that brought the African to Virginia, a new plan of government was begun in the colony. Under it, two men from each borough or section were chosen to represent the people in the government of the colony.

These representatives were called Burgesses, and the whole body was known as the House of Burgesses. Every year they met with the governor and his council to levy taxes and make laws for governing

Slaves
imported

Self-
government
established

the colony. Thus almost from the very beginning American people had a part in their own government. The London Company continued for a while to appoint the governor. But a few years later the company was dissolved. After that time the governors of Virginia were appointed by the king.

But what of Captain John Smith? He never went back to Virginia, but he made one more voyage to the New World, cruising along the northern shores and calling the territory New England. He likewise made maps of the region, giving to some places the names that they retain to this day. And what of his little friend, Pocahontas? One day in London, the ladies talked excitedly of a beautiful princess who was coming to court. The princess proved to be none other than little Pocahontas, now a full-grown woman. She had married John Rolfe, one of the earliest settlers, had become a Christian, and had taken the name Rebekah. Of course John Smith went to see her and pay his respects to her. As he bowed gallantly before her, calling her Lady Rebekah, she turned from him in pain, and covered her face with her hands. Smith looked up in surprise. "I used to call you Father," she exclaimed, "and you called me Child." The Lady Rebekah, however, did not live long in the land across the seas. A famous English writer has put into verse the story of her rescue of Captain John Smith:

**Pocahontas
in England**

“From the throng, with sudden start,
 See, there springs an Indian maid.
 Quick she stands before the knight:
 ‘Loose the chain, unbind the ring;
 I am daughter of the king,
 And I claim the Indian right!’

“Dauntlessly aside she flings
 Lifted ax and thirsty knife;
 Fondly to his heart she clings,
 And her bosom guards his life!
 In the woods of Powhatan,
 Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
 How a daughter of their sires,
 Saved the captive Englishman.” *

It is interesting to note that many of the American colonies were started as the result of religious troubles. In 1634, we find some English Catholics coming to America to be free to follow their own religion. A well-known Catholic, called Lord Baltimore from his estate of that name in Ireland, obtained a tract in Newfoundland, where he tried to start a colony. On its cold, bleak shores many of the colonists fell sick and some of them died. Lord Baltimore was disheartened and asked for a grant near the Jamestown settlement. The Jamestown people objected, but in vain. The king gave him a large territory north of the Potomac River, and named it Maryland in honor of the queen. Before an actual settlement was made,

Lord
 Baltimore and
 Maryland

* Thackeray: Pocahontas.

Lord Baltimore died, but the grant was extended to his son.

Lord Baltimore was termed "proprietor" of his colony, and as such was almost king of Maryland.

Proprietary government True, each year he sent to his sovereign in England two Indian arrows, as the symbol of his allegiance. Furthermore, he was not to tax his colonists without their consent, and was to lose his charter if he abused its privileges. As proprietor, he gave his colonists a most liberal form of government. Although the colony was established for Catholics, other Christians were also welcomed.

The first little group of homes was planted at St. Marys, near the bank of the broad Potomac River. An Indian village was bought from an Algonquin tribe that was making ready to move. These Indians had been so tormented by the mighty Iroquois that the place was neither comfortable nor safe. Hence they were glad to sell their little village for steel hatchets, bits of cloth, and garden tools. Lord Baltimore made friends with the nearest Indians on the north, who, like the departing tribe, were living in fear of the Five Nations and were glad to be on friendly terms with the white people.

The Catholic settlers found the soil in good condition for planting corn. The red-skinned squaws showed the pale-faced women how to cook this grain into a very tasty dish. St. Marys knew no starving

time like Jamestown. The industrious settlers were able, at the close of their first harvest, to fill a boat with corn. They sent it to the fishing stations of the north to be exchanged for codfish. It was a very precious cargo, representing the first fruits of their hard labor, and upon it depended part of their winter stores.

**The raising
of corn**

Virginia watched her sturdy neighbor with a jealous eye. As the Maryland colony grew in numbers, Virginia's jealousy increased. In a short time the feeling between the sister colonies had grown to one of bitter hatred. Indeed, there was some actual fighting, occasioned by a dispute over Kent Island. This little island in Chesapeake Bay was an excellent trading place. Hither a wealthy planter of Virginia, named Claiborne, had been accustomed to come to barter with the Indians. He declared that the island belonged to Virginia, not to Maryland, and he refused to give it up. The struggle was exciting, but Claiborne was worsted and Kent Island remained a part of Maryland, subject to her rule. By 1660, the two colonies were living peaceably side by side, raising bountiful crops of corn and tobacco.

**Dispute
between
Maryland
and Virginia**

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

While Spain and France were busy gaining a foothold in the New World, England, too, was active. England based her claim upon the discoveries of the

Cabots, father and son, who voyaged along the northern Atlantic seaboard. If we leave out of consideration the Northmen, some of whom visited North America long before the time of Columbus, then John Cabot, in 1497, was the first explorer to touch upon the American mainland.

The first Englishman to sail around the world was Sir Francis Drake, although his trip was made more than fifty years later than Magellan's. Drake did more than explore. As a privateer he captured and looted many Spanish ships.

Sir Walter Raleigh made two attempts to found a colony in Virginia, but failed in both. The colonists started well, but they were unfitted for the rigors of pioneer life and were unable to cope with the Indians.

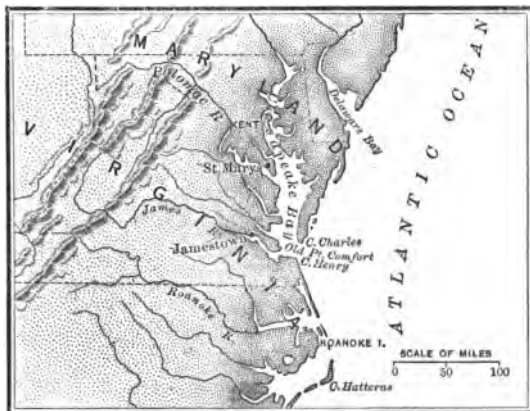
Raleigh's efforts were followed by those of the London Company. This company sent out a colony which landed in 1607 and founded Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in America. For some time the governor of the colony was John Smith. He managed well, making every one work for his living and dealing successfully with the Indians.

The raising of tobacco became one of the chief industries of the colony. To get cheap labor for this work, negro slaves were imported from Africa. The first of them came in 1619.

In the same year the people of Virginia gained the right to elect members of an assembly called the House of Burgesses. This first legislative body in English America met in Jamestown in 1619.

The Virginia colony was followed, in 1634, by the settlement of Maryland by Lord Baltimore and other

Catholics. They bought land from the Indians, who remained friendly; and they supported themselves by raising corn and tobacco. The government of Maryland differed from that of Virginia in that Lord Baltimore was called the "proprietor" and had the powers that the king himself exercised in Virginia.



Virginia and Maryland

FACTS TO BE MEMORIZED

Cabot discovered the mainland of North America in 1497, and established English claim to territory.

Raleigh made two attempts to found a colony in Virginia, which, though unsuccessful, turned the thought of the English toward the New World.

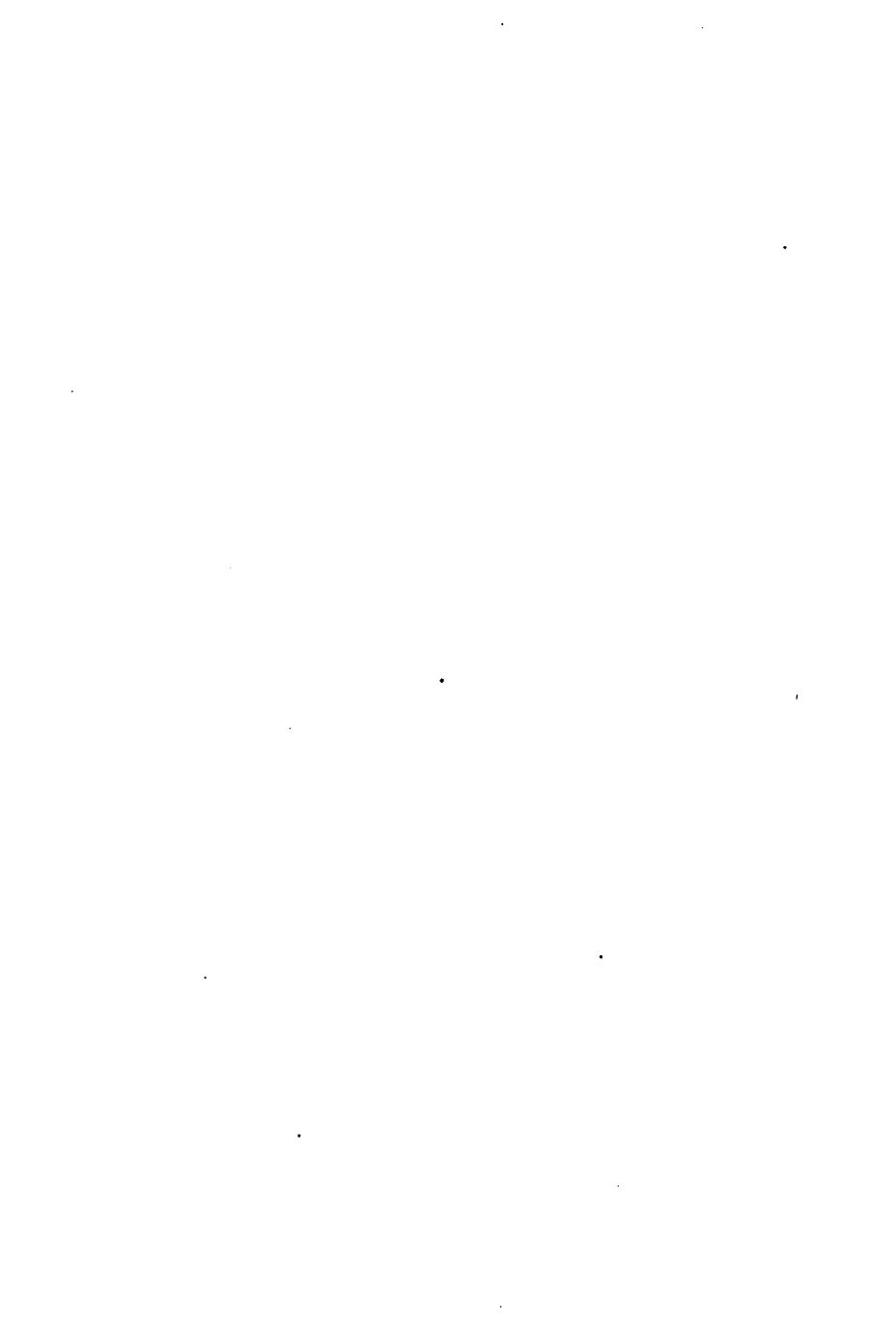
The first permanent English colony was founded at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

Negro slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1619.

Maryland was settled by Lord Baltimore and other Catholics.

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"Such was the first Thanksgiving Day,"

CHAPTER VII

ENGLISH SETTLERS — NEW ENGLAND

WE have seen that the Spaniards went out to gather gold, the French to trade in furs; and even the English at Jamestown had little else than profit for their object. Now, however, we turn to a little band of settlers who came in 1620 to the cold shores of Massachusetts for other purposes than trade.

There were many people in England in the early part of the seventeenth century who wanted to change some of the customs of the English Church. They said they wanted to “purify” it; so they were known as Puritans. More than this, some of the Puritans declared that they could not be happy even in a purified English Church. Therefore they left the Church of England in order to worship God as they thought best. That one should desire to worship in his own way, seems to us not surprising, but three centuries ago it was a startling idea. In those days persons who carried on religious services outside the English Church were likely to be imprisoned.

These Separatists, as they were called, found life in England unbearable, but where could they go? In

most other countries they would be subject to persecution just as at home. Holland seemed their only refuge. This little country opened wide her doors to people whatever their religious belief. Therefore one small congregation of Separatists, with their minister, fled to Holland, and remained there for more than ten years. Their religious services were no longer disturbed, nor did they have to keep some one on guard lest they be suddenly surprised and placed under arrest.

But a new trouble threatened them, and to their honest, England-loving hearts, it was a very great trouble. If their children attended school in Holland and played with the Dutch children, would they not soon become Dutch in their manners and speech? And when they were grown they might marry into Dutch families. That must never be! English they were born, and English they must remain. There seemed but one place left for them now, — America.

Then arose the question as to where to settle in that unknown land. Jamestown would not do, for the people there belonged to the Church of England. The London Company wanted more settlers, however, so they applied to this company for land, intending to settle in what is now New Jersey. They also secured a promise from King James that he would permit them to follow their own religious customs in the new country.

A party of one hundred two, most of whom were Separatists — some from Holland and some from England — set sail in the fall of 1620.

The vessel that they hired for the trip, the *Mayflower*, was a poor and unseaworthy craft. Those who watched its departure were sad at heart, wondering what would be its fate. Its passengers were going to an unknown country and were taking children with them. What indeed

The
Mayflower
Pilgrims



The *Mayflower*

would become of them? The Pilgrims, as they called themselves, because of their many wanderings, were of better cheer. Even when in mid-ocean a fierce gale drove them out of their course, and damaged the vessel so that it looked as if they were going down in the angry waters, they still maintained a fine and strong courage.

Shortly before they landed in America, the little cabin of the *Mayflower* witnessed a very solemn meeting. At this gathering, every man signed an agreement as to how the little company should be governed. First, they declared themselves loyal subjects of the King of England. Then they formed themselves into a body for the making of "just and equal" laws, to which they all promised obedience.

The *Mayflower* sailed farther to the north than the Pilgrims had expected. Cape Cod was the first point of land they saw, and it gladdened their eyes so tired of looking upon water day after day. The captain of the ship was unwilling to sail farther. An exploring party, headed by Miles Standish, was sent to search the coast for a suitable location for the colony. A month was consumed in the search, during which time the weather grew constantly colder and the supplies fewer. One must remember that canned vegetables, meats, and fruits were not part of a ship's provisions in those days. Salt meats and dried beans were the best that could be offered even to tempt the appetite of those who were sick.

One day in December the exploring party made a landing at Plymouth, and decided to settle there. Captain John Smith, in his northern cruise, had given this name to the place, but it is probable that the Pilgrims, when naming their new home, had in mind the town from which they sailed. A huge rock at the

The Plymouth
colony

water's edge served the weary immigrants as a stepping stone to the new life. To-day it bears proudly upon its surface the inscription "Plymouth Rock."

How shall one tell of that first, dreadful winter? Half of the colonists died before spring came, and many more were "ill unto death." At

one time only seven were well enough to work. "These," William Bradford tells us in his journal, "to their great praise be it spoken, spared no pains night or day; but with great toil and risk to their own health, fetched wood and made fires [for the sick]; cooked their meat; made their beds; washed their clothes; dressed and undressed them. And all this they did without any grudging in the least; showing their true love unto their friends and brethren. Two of these were Mr. William Brewster, their beloved

**The first
winter**

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Miles Standish". The signature is written in dark ink and features a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right and then curves back under the name.

Signature of Standish

elder, and Miles Standish, their captain and military commander. To these they were all much beholden. The Lord so upheld these people that they escaped without any sickness at all."

But the weary months passed and the heavy hearts grew lighter as the sweet arbutus and the violets spoke to them of spring. Now they could get ready for the next winter by planting for a harvest. Now, too, each man could begin to plan and build his own log house. The bad weather had made it possible to

build but one house for all, and to erect, on the hill, a rude fortress on which were placed a few threatening cannon.

During their first winter the Pilgrims had been saved from trouble with the savages in a strange way.

The Indians near Plymouth Some three years before their coming a dreadful disease had swept through a large part of that region, killing fully half of the Indians. This disease came, many Indians believed, because they had killed two or three white fishermen who had come to their coast. The Pilgrims heard this story from a young Indian, named Samoset. He said that he had learned English from a white man who had come to his wigwam. He declared that he liked the white people. Upon his second visit he brought with him another Indian, Squanto, who likewise proved to be the white man's good friend. It was he who showed the Pilgrim Fathers how and where to catch the best fish, and how to plant the seed that was to bring forth the Indian corn.

The courteous and kindly treatment that Samoset and Squanto received reached the ears of Massasoit, chief of the Wampanoags, who likewise made a call upon the settlers. He first appeared upon the brow of a near-by hill. There he stood, tall, straight, and grim, backed by a goodly number of braves. Governor Bradford went out to meet him and escorted him to the settlement, where they made a treaty.

Each agreed to help the other in time of trouble. This promise was faithfully kept for fifty years.

The Narragansett Indians, however, were not so peaceable. They thought they would try a little experiment. A rattlesnake skin was filled with arrows and sent to the colony. But the governor gave this challenge an answer that quickly quieted the red men.

“Then from the rattlesnake’s skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones: “Here, take it! this is your answer!”*

All summer long the colonists faithfully tended their crops. When harvest time came, they were repaid. It was clear that they had **Thanksgiving day** enough to carry them through the winter. This was cause for rejoicing, and rejoice they did in genuine fashion. The “governor sent four men fowling. They four in one day killed as much fowl as served the company almost a week.” To the feasting he invited Massasoit, who



The Indian challenge

* Longfellow: Courtship of Miles Standish.

came with ninety warriors. He brought five deer as his contribution to the repast. These, with the wild turkeys and ducks, formed the substantial part of the meal. The solemn braves, led by their happy white brothers, rendered thanks to God for caring for them and providing for their wants. Such was the first Thanksgiving Day, a festival which has since become one of our national holidays. About this time the Pilgrims secured a grant of the land they needed for their colony.

For several years the colonists struggled with might and main to make the barren soil yield enough to keep them from starving. At first every one put the results of his labors into a common store which was divided equally among the colonists. But this plan failed here just as it had in Virginia, so it was changed. Each man was given a plot of land, the fruits of which should be his own. Better results followed. Every year brought more settlers, until the little band of Pilgrims had grown to a goodly size, and the Plymouth colony embraced several towns.

While the Indians did not openly attack the newcomers on their soil, they sometimes lurked in the dark shadows of the forest. More than one white man met his death from a single well-aimed arrow shot from an unseen bow. The men kept guns beside them as they worked. On Sundays they took the guns to church with them,

Growth of
Plymouth

The first church in Plymouth town was made of rough-hewn logs solidly put together. It stood high upon a hill and served several purposes. From its roof, cannon pointed in all directions. The savages very soon learned to fear their fiery tongues. Thus did the church serve as a fortress. It also became the town meeting place where the business of the settlement was transacted. Here, too, the laws of the colony were made.

The main street of the settlement led directly to this fortress-church on the top of the hill. On either side of the street were the "simple and primitive" dwellings of the Pilgrims, log houses whose tiny windows had panes of "paper oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded." Within, a large

fire in a great, deep fireplace tried its best to warm the entire room, but only half succeeded.

In every household the spinning wheel was a necessary piece of furniture. The Pilgrim mother not only cut and put together the clothes for her family but spun the material from which many of the garments were made. Her own dress consisted of a simple, full skirt covered by an apron, and a plain waist with a snowy kerchief softly folded



Flax spinning wheel

Pilgrim life

across her bosom. A close-fitting white cap covered her neatly dressed hair, and she wore no jewelry. The little girls were dressed much like their mothers. They were taught to be useful and quiet, for too much time spent in play or boisterous mirth greatly shocked the Pilgrims. The men wore long coats with broad white collars and cuffs, knee trousers, and buckled shoes.

The Sabbath was a day of quiet, unbroken save by the booming of the drum which twice called the Pilgrims to church. They went, by twos or threes, marching up the hill in solemn silence. They were led by a soldier. He was followed by the governor, with the minister and Miles Standish on either side. While they were at their devotions, a sentinel stood without, ready to warn of danger. The sermons were very long and difficult for little children to understand. The seats were hard and uncomfortable. No doubt many a Pilgrim lad found Sunday a trying day. Besides attending the two services he had to study his Bible diligently. Of course, he was not allowed to play on Sunday; nor did he have much time for playing on other days; there was plenty of work for him to do.

It was only after years of hard struggling that the Pilgrims were relieved from anxiety concerning the success of their colony. The soil was not very fertile; yet Plymouth saw no starving time as did Virginia. There were three reasons for this. First, the Pilgrims came with an earnest purpose; the gentlemen of Vir-

ginia sought only adventure. Second, the Pilgrims brought their families and had to provide for them; the Virginians were, in most cases, free from that care. Finally, the Pilgrims planted their corn at the proper time in the spring; the southern colony had let that time slip by and so, in the autumn, they were without a harvest.

We may be glad that we did not have to live with the Pilgrims. Their ideas were so very strict that probably we should have chafed under their rules. Yet we must admire them, their sturdy courage, and the noble purpose that brought them here.

“Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod!
 They have left unstained what there they found—
 Freedom to worship God!” *

Meanwhile, in England the Puritans were growing stronger. It looked as if the time were fast coming when there would be an open quarrel between them and the king. In such a case, it would be well to have ready a place of refuge in the new country. A large grant of land, north of the Plymouth colony, was obtained for this purpose. Either because of carelessness or because English ideas of America were vague, part of the land granted to the Puritans had already been settled. A small English fishing station had been established

Planning a
 new Puritan
 colony

* Mrs. Hemans: Landing of the Pilgrims.

there some six years before. John Endicott, with a company of followers, was sent over to settle the matter. By dint of much courtesy and tact he won over the fishermen and their leaders and they acknowledged his claim. Because the difficulty had been settled so quietly, Endicott christened the settlement Salem, a Hebrew word meaning "peace."

The following year Endicott's friends formed the Massachusetts Bay Company, and secured from the king a charter for the government of the colony. Six shiploads of settlers came to Salem, and thus Endicott found himself, in the year 1629, governor of a colony larger than



Puritan settlers

Plymouth after its nine years of struggle. This was only the beginning of a great immigration. Puritans came by the thousand, spreading over the section near Massachusetts Bay, and settling many towns, of which the largest and most important was Boston, founded in 1630.

Puritan life in the colonies did not differ greatly from that of the Plymouth Pilgrims, except that some of the Puritans were men of wealth.

No Puritan made a larger place in the early history of Massachusetts than did John Winthrop, a man

who stands out for his wisdom, strength, and kindness. Upon his arrival at Salem, in 1630, he succeeded Endicott as governor, and, except for a period of three years, served in ^{John} Winthrop that office until his death, nineteen years later. Winthrop was not a rough-and-ready adventurer like John Smith. He was a lawyer and a scholar, and was full of religious zeal. But in his own way he was as great a leader of men as was Smith. He saw in America a great land provided by the Lord for the use of mankind, and he asked, "Why should it lie waste without any improvement?" So he spent the best years of his life in bettering conditions in the Massachusetts colony.

Under the charter of Massachusetts the governor and other officers could be elected, instead of being appointed by the king. This seems liberal, and we might expect to find the Puritans ready to treat other people liberally. They had left their native land because of religious persecution. But in their new-found refuge they would not tolerate any one whose views were not the same as their own. None but a church member could vote. The town meeting was held in the church, and the minister's word was almost law.

As the towns grew in size and increased in numbers it became more difficult for all the voters to meet to transact the business of the colony. So they decided to let a few permanent officers make the

laws. Thus a few men, among the best and ablest of their number, took charge of government affairs.

**Government
of Massachu-
setts**

But even among the Puritans there was discord. Some declared that the wish of the majority should govern. This was the plan on which the colony had started, and they claimed that it was the best. It was finally agreed that the laws should be made by an assembly called the General Court. This assembly consisted not only of the officers but also of representatives from all the towns.

Because of disputes over the government, and for other reasons, several groups of the people left Massachusetts and built up neighboring colonies.

Connecticut

Thus Thomas Hooker and his congregation of a hundred or more left in June, 1636, and made their way to what is now Hartford. In this fashion several towns were established in the Connecticut valley. An important thing to remember in connection with Connecticut is that these towns drew up a constitution which told plainly just what the government was to be. It joined the towns together under a central government and yet left each free to manage its own local affairs. The constitution of the United States to-day is more like this Connecticut constitution than like that of any of the other colonies.

In 1638, another pastor and his little flock started out. They founded New Haven. This was an in-

dependent colony and soon comprised several towns. In 1662, the New Haven colony was united with Connecticut, under a liberal charter from the King of England.

When reading the history of New England one can



In a New England church

scarcely turn a page without coming upon religious disagreements. It is hard for us now to imagine the excitement that young Roger Williams occasioned when he came into strict New England. He was a brilliant and strenuous young Englishman who loved dearly to argue — whether on such questions as “Should women wear veils in church?” or on more important subjects.

Roger
Williams

His views alarmed the Puritans. He declared that no one should be compelled to go to church. He claimed that the church ought not to have any share in the government. He said that the king had no right to the land on which they were living, no matter who discovered it. Therefore the English patent and charter did not entitle them to hold the land. The country belonged to the Indians, and the colonists had no right to any of it unless they purchased it from its true owners.

Such teachings as these drove the staid Puritans wild with excitement. They ordered Williams to go **Rhode Island** to Boston and embark on a ship for England. But he knew that England was not a safe place for him; he had already given much trouble there. The wilderness alone remained for him. Although it was winter time and Williams was half sick, he pushed into the forest. After severe suffering he succeeded in reaching Massasoit's wigwam, whose door was opened to him. With this friendly chief he spent the winter. He learned the Indian language and taught the chief in his own tongue the Christian religion. When spring came, he purchased a tract of land from the Narragansett Indians, and laid the foundation of Providence. To this colony Williams invited all who would come, whether Jew or Turk, Catholic or Protestant.

Another person who found it impossible to agree with the Puritans was Mrs. Anne Hutchinson. She

was a strong-minded woman who attracted many people to her. It is doubtful if what she had to say would disturb any one now. But in those days Massachusetts would not tolerate her and her strange teachings, so she went to live in the land of the Narragansetts. Her little settlement, together with that of Williams, formed the beginning of Rhode Island, the first New England colony to give true religious freedom to all its inhabitants. Although the people of Massachusetts had cast out Williams, they had reason to be very grateful to him, for it was his influence over the Narragansetts that saved the colony from being attacked by these Indians.

The region north and northeast of Massachusetts had been given to two Englishmen, Mason and Gorges. Mason called his portion New Hampshire, and Gorges called his Maine. When Gorges died, Maine was sold to Massachusetts. For a time, too, New Hampshire belonged to Massachusetts, but finally it was made a separate colony. On the other hand, the Plymouth colony was at last united with Massachusetts, so that, after 1691, the New England colonies were four — Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

These colonies were independent of one another, although in times of war or danger they might join forces against a common enemy. Indeed, in 1643, four of the colonies then in existence — Massachu-

setts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven — formed the New England Confederation, to provide for their defense against any possible attack by the French, Dutch, or Indians. Their greatest danger proved to be from the Indians.

The earliest years had seen no open warfare with the savages of the forest. But the settling of Connecticut brought on a bloody war with the Pequots, who were soon killed or driven away. It was at this time that Roger Williams persuaded the Narragansetts to keep the peace. During Massasoit's lifetime the Wampanoags, too, kept the promise of good will made to the Pilgrim Fathers. Governor Winslow of Plymouth tightened the knot of friendship between these Indians and the whites by nursing Massasoit when he was ill. Massasoit had a very bad fever and was sure that he was going to die. Governor Winslow went to visit him and cheerily assured him that he was mistaken; the white man's medicine and care would save his life. And, indeed, they did. The governor did not leave the chief until he was well on the road to recovery. For this service Massasoit never ceased to be the Pilgrims' friend.

Massasoit had two sons who had taken English names, Alexander and Philip. When, at last, Massasoit did go to the happy hunting ground, the older son, Alexander, succeeded him as chief. The English feared that these braves did not look upon them

**The Indians in
New England**

with the same friendliness that Massasoit had shown. They saw the Wampanoags and Narragansetts, who were usually quarreling, visiting each other. They concluded that the two tribes were plotting to attack the English together. The white people felt that they had better send for Alexander and ask him to explain. Accordingly he was summoned before the General Court of the colony. Alexander decided that the wisest thing to do was to go, but he was in a very bad humor and the interview was unsatisfactory. On his way home he was taken ill, and he died a few days later.

To the Indians there was something mysterious in a natural death. They could understand being killed in battle or at the hands of the enemy, but death in any other way they ^{King Philip's} _{War} thought was the result of poison or magic. So they brooded over Alexander's death, and this did not increase their love for the whites.

King Philip's signature *

Their resentment sharpened to anger as they watched the ever-increasing numbers of the colonists. They complained to Philip, their new chief, or "king," that presently there would be no hunting grounds or fish-

* Philip himself made only the mark "P."

ing streams left for them. They urged him to make war. King Philip hesitated. After his brother's death, he had made a treaty with the English and was loath to break it. Moreover, he saw the folly of attacking the much greater forces of the English.

In the spring of 1675, the Indians broke all restraint, attacking and burning unprotected settlements. The English immediately took up **Brookfield** arms. With their greater numbers and better equipment as to firearms and food supplies, they worked terrible destruction among the Indians. In return they suffered much cruel treatment. Even the strongest of their dwellings were not proof against the clever wiles of the savage. During an attack on Brookfield, Massachusetts, all the inhabitants crowded into the largest and most solid of the buildings. Bullets from the men's guns kept the enemy back a short distance. Then the Indians tied burning rags to their arrows, and aimed them so that they landed on the roof and set it afire. The brave defenders made a hole in the roof, through which they poured buckets of water to put out the fire. Next, the Indians pushed a blazing cartload of hay against the house. It seemed that nothing now could save them. Just as they were about to give up all hope, the sky darkened and a heavy rainfall quenched the fire. Then soldiers came to their relief and the Indians fled quickly to the woods.

One of the most thrilling stories of King Philip's

War is told of the people of Hadley. It was a fast day and the larger part of the inhabitants had gathered in the church for worship. Suddenly a wild war whoop pierced the air and the frightened people found the red men pouring into the village. The attack was so unexpected that the villagers knew not what to do. They were standing in huddled powerless groups, when a startling thing happened. A tall stranger with snow-white locks and beard stood in their midst. He carried himself like a soldier and spoke like a commander. He ordered the men to form in line. Instantly they obeyed. Then he gave the command to charge and fire. This was repeated until not an Indian remained. As the men of Hadley turned to thank their unknown leader, lo! he had disappeared. Who he was, whence he came, or whither he went, no one seemed to know. The children believed he was an angel sent to help them.

So the war dragged on until Philip's wife and son were taken by the English. Then Philip seemed to lose heart. When, however, one of his men suggested that they surrender to the English, the proud old warrior tomahawked him on the spot. The brother of the slain man now sought revenge on King Philip. He told the whites where the red chief was hiding, and they sought him out. As they neared his hiding place he was seen in the distance running at full speed. "Shoot," came the command. The next instant

King Philip lay dead. Despite the loss of their commander, the Indians fought on for some months. But in the end, weakened in numbers and broken in spirit, they were forced to yield. Some of them scattered here and there, joining other tribes; many were sold as slaves. Among these was King Philip's little son, who was sent to the West Indies. It was a bitter lesson for the Indians and a time of great loss for the white people, yet it served to safeguard the English settlers afterward.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

The Puritans were English people who wished to make changes in the Church of England. Some of them, known as Pilgrims, sought a refuge in America. They made a settlement at Plymouth, in what is now Massachusetts, in 1620. They were sturdy and thrifty and managed to stay and wrest a living from the stubborn New England soil.

Other companies of Puritans came to the shores of Massachusetts Bay and soon built up many towns. These towns were represented in an assembly, known as the General Court, which, with the governor, managed the affairs of the colony.

The Puritans had left England because of religious differences. Yet when they settled in America they, in their turn, would not tolerate those who did not believe as they did. One result was that various groups of people left the Massachusetts colony and settled in new regions. Thus were the colonies of Connecticut and Rhode Island founded; Connecticut

in 1635 and 1636, by Hooker and others; and Rhode Island in 1636, by Roger Williams.

New Hampshire had already, in 1623, been settled by English colonists. They were attracted by the opportunities for fishing and for fur trade with the Indians. They were governed by a proprietor, Mason, who named the colony after his English home county, Hampshire.



The New England colonies

In 1691, Plymouth was united with the Massachusetts colony, leaving the New England colonies four in number.

The Pilgrims and other Puritans treated the Indians kindly, so that for some years they were not seriously molested by them. But with the death of the old Wampanoag chief, Massasoit, the Indians no longer

felt under restraint. In 1675, they broke out in open warfare and made many attacks upon the white men. They were finally conquered, but not until much havoc had been wrought on both sides. This contest is spoken of as King Philip's War.

FACT TO BE MEMORIZED

Massachusetts was settled by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1620, and by other Puritans at Boston, 1630.

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“Stuyvesant stamped about furiously”

CHAPTER VIII

DUTCH SETTLERS

"PUT her about," ordered Captain Hudson. "We must head for the sea, again." The captain had decided that his little ship, the *Half Moon*, could go no farther up Delaware Bay. He had found the waters too shallow to carry even so small a craft as his.

Henry
Hudson

The *Half Moon* was the first Dutch ship to explore the American coast. Her captain, Henry Hudson, was a famous English explorer; but he was now at work for a Dutch trading company. He was trying to find a passage through North America by which he could sail from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. The Dutch company wanted very much to find a new route to eastern Asia.

Hudson's orders had been to find a passage to India by way of the northeast. At the beginning of his voyage, therefore, he had tried to sail around northern Europe and Asia. He made his way along the coast until blocked by the ice. Then he told his crew about a letter which he had received from John Smith, just before leaving Holland. In this letter Smith told of his failure to find a passage from

Chesapeake Bay to the Pacific Ocean, but he suggested that a passage might be found a little farther north. Hudson and his crew decided to act upon this suggestion. So, returning from the Arctic Ocean, they pushed westward.

Hudson reached the coast of Maine in July, 1609. Here his men cut and made a new mast, of which they were in sore need, for the *Half Moon* was a flimsy craft. It took the little crew of sixteen or eighteen men about a week to hew a stately pine into a firm, strong foremast. During that week they dined upon the choicest fish of those waters, the halibut, the cod, and the lobster. With the new mast in place, the voyage was continued.

A few stops were made along the coast, but the first inlet that gave promise of leading to the Pacific was Delaware Bay. This Hudson tried. And here he was, but sadly disappointed. Not only had the vessel stuck several times, but Hudson saw that the current was setting outward, a sure sign that this was the outlet of a large river, and not a strait.

From Delaware Bay he sailed northward. Early September found him entering New York harbor, as Verrazano had done eighty-five years before. Still in search of a passage to the Pacific Ocean, Hudson sailed up the noble river that has since been named for him. The glory of its scenery seems to have impressed not only Hudson but his sailors as well. A journal, or diary,

**Hudson
River**

kept by one of these men, tells of the beauty of its banks and of the sometimes friendly and sometimes hostile attitude of the red men. Finally, the waters grew too shallow to risk further passage, and the explorers reversed their course. Upon Hudson's return he reported to his employers — the Dutch East India Company — that he had failed to find a northern passage to India but that he had come upon a land rich in furs. The Indians, he explained, gladly exchanged these furs for the merest trinkets.



The Half Moon on the Hudson

Hudson made another voyage to America, this time in the service of England. In search of the northwest passage, he entered Hudson Bay and explored it. His voyage was cut short by a mutinous crew, who, having lost faith in their leader, rebelled against him. Hudson and his little son, with a few men, were turned adrift in a small boat. When the story of this cowardly act reached the English people, it aroused their indignation. They immediately sent a ship to search for the unfortunate mariner, but no trace of him or his little party was found.

Only in legend do we hear further of "Hendrick" Hudson. Among the stories of the Catskill Mountains there is one that tells of Hudson's return with his crew to bowl in the hollows of the mountain. When a storm gathered and the thunder rolled, the little Dutch children of that section used to say, "Hush, do you not hear? That is Hudson and his crew playing at ninepins."

The businesslike Dutch people lost no time in making use of Hudson's information concerning the fur trade. Then, as now, furs were very desirable and very expensive. A few expeditions to the New World proved to the Dutch that here was an opportunity for very profitable trading. In order to make it safer, they built several small trading posts and forts. One of the earliest was on the island at the mouth of the Hudson, called Manhattan. Another, called Fort Orange, was situated a long distance up the same river. The Fort Orange Hotel in Albany occupied, until recently, the very site of the old Dutch fort.

As trading increased, more merchants came to the Hudson region. Small settlements grew up about the forts. That on Manhattan Island was called New Amsterdam in honor of Holland's leading city. Settlements were made also at Brooklyn and other places on Long Island. Traders pushed out from their forts both north and south. As early as 1614 a Dutch captain

named Block had cruised through Long Island Sound, explored the Connecticut River for some distance, and claimed for Holland the territory that it drained. A party of Dutchmen built Fort Good Hope on the Connecticut, and for a time held it against the Englishmen who settled the town of Hartford close by. Southward, the Dutch went as far as the Delaware River, sailing upon its waters and claiming it, likewise, for the mother country. On this river Fort Nassau was established. The entire region from the Connecticut to the Delaware was christened New Netherland.

But wiser even than the acquiring of territory was the treaty which the Dutch made with ^{The Iroquois} their Indian neighbors, the Five Nations of Iroquois. The whipping these braves had received from the Algonquins under Champlain, in 1609, rankled in their hearts. In order that they might be avenged upon their enemies, they too wanted the deadly firearms. They found the Dutchmen quiet and friendly, and ready to treat them with kindness. They were able to exchange such furs as the beaver and the otter not only for glass



Beavers

beads and tinkling bells, but also for the guns which they craved. So the Dutch and the Five Nations made a treaty. To prove their earnestness, the Indians hurled a tomahawk to the ground, stamped upon it, and ground it into the soil until it had entirely disappeared. Later, the friendship of these Indians was of great value to the Dutch settlers.

In 1621, a company had been formed in Holland, known as the Dutch West India Company. The

Minuit Dutch government gave this company control of the entire region called New Netherland. The first director sent by the company was Peter Minuit. He was a farseeing Dutchman. When he looked upon Manhattan Island with its safe wide harbor, he dreamed of the great Hudson River bringing treasures hither to be sent to all parts of the world, and he determined to make sure of that island for Holland. Accordingly he offered to buy it from the Indians. They sold it to him willingly for bits of glass, a hatchet or two, a knife, and some odd trinkets, in all amounting in value to about twenty-four dollars. Although the Indians were well satisfied with the bargain, there are to-day many places where a single square foot of the land is worth as much as the entire island cost the Dutch — the result of three hundred years of civilization.

In order to increase the size of the colony, the Dutch West India Company offered sixteen miles of land along the Hudson, extending as far east or west

as the owner wished to go, to any one who would come on the following conditions: The landholder had to bring with him at least fifty people to till the soil and work for him. **The patroons**

These people were bound to render obedience to the man on whose land they dwelt, and not to hunt or fish without his permission. The landowner, or patroon, as he was called, had to provide his people with horses, cows, and tools with which to do the farming. He also had to support a minister and a teacher.

The patroons, it must be understood, were invited to come to this country to strengthen the colony in case of Indian attack, and to establish farms. The law forbade them to trade in furs, because the company wished all the fur trade for itself. Yet it was difficult to prevent such trading, since furs were the real money of the settlement. The colonists also used the Indian wampum as money. The shell from which this wampum was made could be found in abundance along the Long Island shores. Here was a veritable gold mine for the thrifty Hollanders, since four pieces of wampum were about equal in value to a Dutch coin worth two cents.

Peter Minuit got into trouble with the patroons because he declared that they were breaking the law by taking part in the fur trade. The Dutch **New Sweden** West India Company, on the contrary, thought he was not severe enough with them, so it withdrew him as director. Minuit's next exploit was

to head a party of Swedes who settled on the Delaware near some Dutch trading posts. He made friends with the Dutchmen there. On a tract of land bought from the Indians, he built a fort which he called Christina in honor of the young Queen of Sweden. This was the foundation of New Sweden.

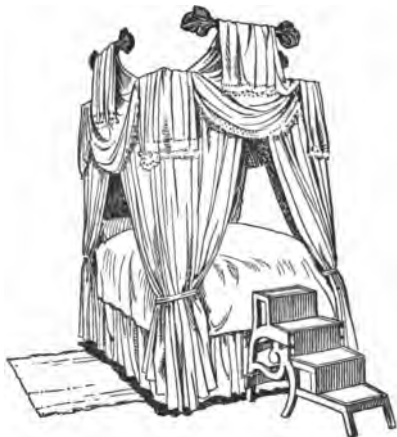
Minuit was followed by two directors under whom New Netherland was very unhappy. Then in 1647

Stuyvesant sturdy Peter Stuyvesant landed at New Amsterdam. He found it a prosperous town of some three hundred homes and a population of about fifteen hundred. This number included not only the Dutch but people from England, France, Scotland, Sweden, and other countries.

The Dutch people were easy folk to live with. They were very fond of merrymaking. Christmas **Dutch life** Day, New Year's, St. Valentine's, and not a few other holidays, were times of great jollity. There were special picnic days, known as Pinkster Days, when the whole population, even the negro slaves, went for a picnic in the woods.

The Dutch were proud of their homes. When a man built his house, he was willing to go without some other things in order to buy yellow and black tiles brought from Holland, at least for the front of the house. If possible he would also have a tiled roof instead of the thatched roofs of his poorer neighbors. The best room in the house was the

parlor. This was used only on special occasions. Here was the great high-posted bedstead that one could climb into only with the help of a small step-ladder. This bed was the pride of the housewife, because only she knew how to pat its big feather mattress into shape, and to smooth into lines of beauty the fair snowy sheets of linen, made by her own hands or those of her daughters. Here, too, was the cupboard which held the precious china and silver that had once belonged to



Four-posted bed

great-grandmother, and had been brought to this country at much risk. In the home of a wealthy man, you might see carpet upon the parlor floor; but in most cases the housewife contented herself with tracing with her broom elaborate patterns upon the fine white sand scattered over the floor. No soft, easy rocking-chairs were permitted in a true Dutch home. The chairs were all hard, stiff, and straight. The kitchen was the family gathering room, usually of good dimensions, and always spotlessly clean. A generous fireplace gave forth heat and cheer. It threw its light upon the Delft plates and pewter mugs,

polished and shining, that stood upon the dresser or shelves.

The spinning wheel had a place in every home. The wheels went whirring, and the woolen or linen thread ran through the nimble fingers of the Dutch maidens, at all hours of the day. She who would stand well in the eyes of her neighbors must be busy and industrious. The path that the Dutch girls took when they carried their linens to the bank of the river, to bleach them clear and white, is now a business thoroughfare known as Maiden Lane.

About the house was a garden, gay with all the brightest flowers; nor did the practical Dutchman neglect to raise vegetables for his table. Besides, each household boasted a horse, a cow, chickens, and perhaps a pig. One man stopped every morning for the cows of his townsmen, drove them out to pasture, and returned them at night. A blast from a horn announced to the owner that his cow was at his gate and he had best come out for her.

As the colony prospered under Stuyvesant's government, the Dutch people were able to gratify more and more their love for fine clothing. When there was to be a wedding, or other special festivity, out came the very best clothes from their safe-keeping in the deep chests. The gentlemen wore coats of silk or velvet, with lace trimmings, ornamented with huge buttons of gold or silver. Some of these coats were astonishingly long, reaching to the ankles. The

trousers were short, and the shoes were fastened with handsome silver buckles. The skirts that the ladies wore were so full and so heavily quilted that they could stand alone in their own stiffness. The women loved to wear jewelry, particularly strings of bright beads.

With increased prosperity came more time for play. When work was done, old and young threw themselves into the fun of the hour; and well did these Dutchmen know how to employ their spare moments. Their favorite sport was bowling. The large space north of Fort Amsterdam, which had been left for a park when the fort was built, was the spot chosen for this



Dutch settlers

game. Hence its name, Bowling Green. Here, in the pleasant spring twilight, the children played their last game before being tucked away in bed. The mothers watched them, talking to each other, and accompanying their gossip with the click-click of the knitting needles. The fathers either took part in the sport or puffed contentedly at their pipes while they watched the players.

Peter Stuyvesant proved to be the very man the colony needed. He was a gruff old soul, but he was loyal to Holland and had the best interests of New Amsterdam at heart. He made a trip to Hartford and, from what he saw and heard, became convinced of the superior strength of the English. So he arranged for a treaty, which fixed the boundary between New Netherland and Connecticut. By this treaty, of 1650, the Dutch gave up all claim to territory in the Connecticut valley.

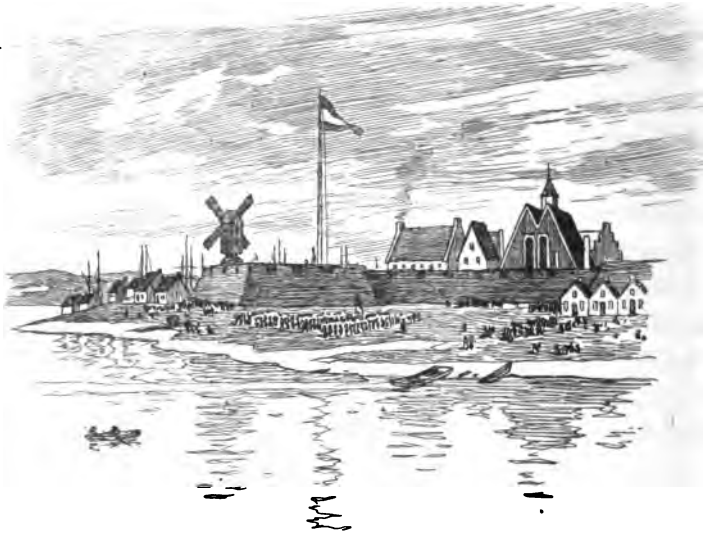
Quite different were Stuyvesant's dealings with his neighbors on the south. He looked upon the colony of Swedes on the Delaware and declared that they were in the way of the Dutch. The time came when Sweden needed all her forces in Europe, where she was busily engaged in warfare. Stuyvesant took advantage of this and sent a large force to demand that New Sweden place itself under Dutch rule. The frightened colony, after some little parley, agreed to do so.

Old Silver Leg, as Stuyvesant was sometimes called, because he had but one leg, and the wooden stump that served for the other had silver bands on it, was soon to have a dose of his own medicine. England looked upon Holland as her rival on the seas and in trade. Here was this little country controlling the best harbor of the Atlantic coast and building up a flourishing fur trade. England wanted both har-

bor and trade, nor did she search for a very good reason for taking them. True, she did say that the country was hers by right of the Cabots' discovery. The King of England settled the matter to his own satisfaction by making his brother, the Duke of York, a present of all the region of New Netherland. The duke, in the year 1664, proceeded to lay hold upon his newly acquired territory by sending over a well-equipped fleet under Colonel Nicolls.

When news of the approaching danger reached Stuyvesant's ears, he made hasty preparations for defense. The people, however, were a bit tired of the one-legged gentleman's ^{English} _{conquest} severe control. Under none of the Dutch governors had they had any voice in their government. Very likely they would fare better under English rule. Therefore, it was in but half-hearted fashion that they took part in the director's attempts at fortification. As soon as Colonel Nicolls landed on Long Island, Stuyvesant sent a messenger demanding to know his business. In reply Nicolls ordered Stuyvesant to surrender. Now the Dutch people knew that if they resisted, their homes would be destroyed and their trade probably ruined; so they begged Stuyvesant to surrender peaceably. The director refused point-blank. Then Colonel Nicolls sent a letter which declared that if they would yield quietly, their trade with Holland should not be hindered and they should be left as free as they had been heretofore.

Stuyvesant well knew that should the people see this letter, they would not lift a finger to defend New Amsterdam, so he refused to allow the letter to be read to them. The news that the director was withholding something from them ran like wildfire through-



New Amsterdam

out the town. The people surged outside the council-chamber, shouting, "The letter! the letter! We want to see the letter!" Stuyvesant stamped about furiously; in rage he tore up the letter and threw the pieces upon the floor. He had already written an answer to the English colonel, stating the Dutch rights to their land, and now he proceeded to the fort. But

the ships of the English fleet had ninety-four guns, and New Amsterdam possessed but twenty. Opposition seemed hopeless. The leading men begged Stuyvesant to surrender; the women added their entreaties, even sending the little children to plead with the grim director to save their homes. "I would rather be carried out to my grave," shouted Stuyvesant. But they were too many for him. Without firing a single one of the twenty guns, they forced the proud old Dutchman to run up the white flag of surrender to the haughty English. New Amsterdam became New York, and this name spread gradually over the main part of New Netherland.

Holland's anger was thoroughly aroused at this treatment of her possessions, and she made war upon England. She was not very successful, however, and at the close of the war she permitted England to keep New York.

It is of interest to know that the doughty old Stuyvesant and the English governor became fast friends. Stuyvesant spent his last years in his well-loved "bouwerie," or country home. This was located in what is now the very heart of the throbbing metropolis of the New World. Here, in the quaint old farmhouse, the English governor often dined with him.

Stuyvesant's tombstone may be seen to-day in the churchyard of St. Mark's, New York. Its inscription tells us that the "Late Captain General and Governor in Chief" died in 1672 at the age of eighty.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

The Dutch claimed a share of the New World, basing their claim upon the voyage of Henry Hudson in 1609. In that year Hudson explored part of the coast and sailed up the river that now bears his name. The Dutch settled the Hudson River region, their most important town being New Amsterdam. From here their claim extended east to the Connecticut River and southwest to the Delaware.

The Iroquois Indians saw that the Dutch were not related to their old enemy, the French, so they became very friendly and eagerly engaged in trade.

New Netherland, as the colony was called, was governed by a director appointed by the Dutch West India Company. Minuit and Stuyvesant were the most noted of these directors. Under them the colony prospered.

The English, however, were watching this thriving colony with jealous eyes. Finally, in the year 1664, they came upon New Amsterdam and compelled the Dutch to surrender. The name, New York, which they gave the town, was soon applied to the colony as well.

In following the story of these American colonies, we have read first of what the Spaniards did; then the French, then the English, and finally the Dutch. On this account, perhaps there is danger that we think of these events as happening in the order in which they have been described. It must be remembered, however, that the explorations and settlements by the different nations were going on at the same

time. This is made clearer to us if we now study carefully the chart just preceding Appendix A at the end of this book; for the chart shows the leading events side by side, in their chronological order.



New Netherland

FACTS TO BE MEMORIZED

Hudson explored the Hudson River in 1609 and established Dutch claim to territory.

New Netherland was settled by the Dutch in 1623, at New Amsterdam and elsewhere; but it was taken by the English in 1664.

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"Penn asked them how much more they wanted"

CHAPTER IX

THE SPREAD OF THE ENGLISH

BY swooping down upon the Dutch, as she did in such high-handed fashion, England gained more than the Hudson valley. Delaware had passed from Swedish control to Dutch, and now it went one step further and became English. The same fate had already befallen the Dutch settlement in Connecticut. Although the Dutch were established on the Connecticut River, at Hartford, before the Puritans arrived, they found it difficult to hold their own against the rapidly increasing numbers of the English. They were further crippled when the English built a fort below them, at Saybrook, which cut off their chance of supplies from New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant, as we have seen, had realized their predicament and had had some hope of going to their relief. But a careful survey of the situation soon showed him that he would have no chance against the more numerous English.

Thus, by 1664, Great Britain had gained for herself not only the best harbor of the New World, but all the coast line on the Atlantic seaboard between her southern and her northern colonies. But the

wily French had their eyes on the Hudson valley, hoping some day to make it their own. Should they accomplish this, it would be a deadly blow to England's schemes of colonizing the New World.

Meanwhile, the English colonies were increasing in strength and size. New England was prospering.

Virginia Virginia, from a narrow strip of settlements along the coast, had grown westward and northward. It was now a flourishing col-



Hall of a Cavalier's house in Virginia

ony, with many profitable tobacco plantations. Its wealth was increased and its social standing raised by the coming of the Cavaliers. These were English gentlemen of culture and refinement. Having lost power in England, they purchased large plantations in Virginia, upon which they built handsome houses such as they were accustomed to live in at home. To

the best of their ability, they dressed and behaved as they had when they graced the court of England.

There are still other colonies whose story must be told. The early history of Pennsylvania takes us first to the gay and brilliant court of Charles II, King of England. Its lords ^{William Penn} and ladies dressed in satins and velvets and delighted in brilliant colors. A half dozen or more gathered together resembled a garden of bright flowers. Into the midst of all this splendor, one day, about the year 1680, there walked a tall and very handsome young man, named William Penn. He stood out in striking contrast to the gay scene about him. He was as fine looking as any man in the room, but his suit was of somber gray, without ornament of any kind. He wore a broad-brimmed hat of the same color, and kept it on even when he stood before the king and addressed him. He did not introduce his speech to the king with a deep bow such as the courtiers made. Neither did he say, "Your Majesty," but looking directly into the sovereign's face he called him "Friend Charles." He asked the king for a tract of land in the New World for himself and his Quaker friends.

It seems that the English government had owed a considerable sum of money to William Penn's father, who was now dead. To grant the son a piece of land across the seas would be an easy and comfortable way to pay off the debt. Accordingly, Charles

gave Penn a portion of America almost as large as England, asking in return only one fifth of all the gold and silver found on it, and two beaver skins yearly. Penn suggested that the new region be called Sylvania, meaning Woodland. When the charter passed through the king's hands he prefixed Penn to the name. The modest Quaker was greatly annoyed when he saw this addition, because it might seem as if he were making too much of himself. The king assured him that he need not feel that way. The name Penn had been added, the king declared, in honor of young William's father, who had been a faithful admiral in England's service. This staunch old admiral was not a Quaker. In fact he had had a serious struggle with his son, in trying to prevent him from joining that sect.

The Quakers had been persecuted. The Quakers had certain peculiarities. They called themselves and one another Friends. They held that no man was better than another, so to no one would they take off their hats. They thought it was wrong to swear or to fight, but they were far from cowards; and in spite of their somber gray dress, they were cheerful and happy. They spoke in low, soft voices, and used the pronouns "thee" and "thou" in their speech. To say "thee"

to a stranger in those days was quite as rude as it would be to-day to address by his first name a person whom one had just met. But the Quakers would not use the aristocratic form "you" in addressing any one. "*You* is plural," they said, "and to use the plural for one person is a lie, and a lie is a sin."

Beginning among the poorer people, the Quakers soon gathered to their numbers, through the force of their virtuous living, many of the nobler class. Among these was William Penn. While a college student, he threw himself into the movement, heart and soul. By the charm of his winning manners, he brought many others into the society. When Penn returned from college clad in his plain gray costume and stood before his father, he kept his hat upon his head, and addressed that old gentleman in the new manner.

The good old admiral's anger knew no bounds. "You may *thee* and *thou* other persons as much as you like," he burst forth, "but don't you dare to *thee* and *thou* the King, the Duke of York, or me."

So far as the king was concerned, we may imagine from the following little story that he had the good sense not to worry much about the way Penn treated him, and that he must have had some fun in him. Meeting that young man shortly after he had joined the Quaker ranks, the king took off his hat.

"Why dost thou remove thy hat, Friend Charles?" asked Penn.

"Because," said the king, "wherever I am, it is customary for only one person to remain covered."

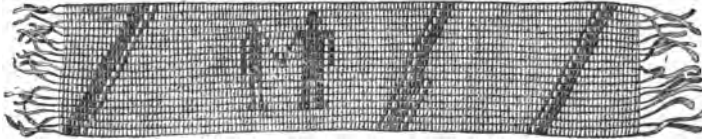
Penn did something that seemed to the king even more odd than to refuse to remove his hat. He

**Penn and
the Indians**

declared that he would buy from the Indians the land that the king had already given him. This was no new idea, however; other colonists had bought land from the Indians. In 1682, Penn set sail for his newly acquired territory. Almost the first thing he did was to purchase from the Delaware Indians the land which he needed for his first settlement. At the same time he made a treaty with them, under an old elm tree at Shackamaxon, on the Delaware, near the center of the present city of Philadelphia.

This was a very great occasion. Both red men and white prepared the best hospitality they could offer. Penn won the hearts of the red men almost immediately. He seemed to understand just what would please them. When they sat upon the ground, he likewise seated himself. He ate of their hominy and roasted acorns. Presently they began to dance. Then Penn arose and began to hop nimbly about. This highly delighted the Indians, but it greatly astonished his Quaker brothers. The Indians named Penn their Onas, translating the word pen into the Algonquin word whose meaning is feather or quill; for pens, in those days, were made from quills. As further evidence of their good will, they presented

Penn with a belt of wampum picturing the white man and his red brother clasping hands. That belt may be seen to-day in Philadelphia. Of all the compacts made between colonists and Indians, this treaty of Penn's was the most faithfully kept.



The belt of wampum

Penn selected with great care a section of land just above the junction of the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. Here he founded what he planned to make a model city. To this city he gave the name of Philadelphia, with its beautiful meaning of Brotherly Love. The streets that ran from river to river he named for the stately trees of this section, — Chestnut Street, Pine Street, Spruce Street, and the like. The cross streets he called First Street, Second Street, and so on. Penn's Quaker friends were ambitious to carry out all his plans. So the city of Brotherly Love was soon more than just a plan. Where had been only the quiet of the woods, now rang loud and clear the beat of the hammer, the sound of falling trees, the sawing of wood. But fast as the Quaker people worked, faster still came the winter. Many of those whose houses were not completed dug caves in the banks of the river. There

they lived until the first mild days of spring, when they could continue the work on their homes. Philadelphia grew very rapidly. For many years it was the largest city in the English colonies. To-day it ranks third in the United States.

There were several reasons to account for the rapid growth of both Philadelphia and Pennsylvania. Although the colony had been started for Quakers, it threw open its doors to all others who would come. Within three years eight thousand had accepted this invitation. Among these were some people from Germany who, though not Quakers, had religious ideas much like theirs. So they, too, flocked to Penn's colony and near Philadelphia made a settlement which became known as Germantown. The city of Philadelphia in time spread around this colony and soon took it to itself. To-day the great textile factories of Philadelphia remind us of the original Germantown, whose founders brought from the Fatherland their great skill in the making of linen.



Penn's clock

All the laws which Penn, as proprietor, made for the colony were just. He permitted the settlers to choose from among their number a council and an assembly. These men, with the proprietor or the governor appointed by him,

Government
of Pennsylv-
vania

carried on the government of Pennsylvania. The strict New Englanders would have thought it impossible to govern a colony with so few "Don'ts." The Indians, likewise, received fair play. The law provided that if one of them were accused of a crime, he should be tried by a jury half of whom should be Indians, and the other half, white men.

There is a story told of Penn that shows how fairly he dealt with the red men. He asked them one day if they would sell him a particular piece of land. The Indians replied that the ground was sacred to them, because their fathers had been buried there. Yet, because they loved the great Onas, they agreed to sell him as much ground as a young man could walk around in one day. Penn accepted this offer, and naturally chose a rapid walker. The young man covered far more space in the given time than the Indians had expected. They showed that something was amiss when they came to receive their pay. Upon questioning them, Penn learned that they had thought that the white man could not cover so much ground. Penn's friends claimed that the Indians had made their own bargain and must abide by it. But Penn turned to the stalwart redskins and asked them, in his smiling, kindly fashion, how much more they wanted for the land. This greatly pleased the Indians. They asked for some extra blankets, a few more hatchets, and several strings of beads. When these were added to their pile, they went away well satisfied.

Penn found his white neighbors a trifle harder to please. The boundary between his colony and Maryland became the subject of much dispute.

Delaware

Likewise there was trouble over the Delaware colony. This bit of land was particularly desirable because of its seacoast. Maryland claimed it, but Penn asked the Duke of York, who had taken possession of it along with New Netherland, to give it to him. This the duke did, and so the history of Delaware runs parallel with that of Pennsylvania for many years.

Another colony whose story is interwoven with that of Pennsylvania and of New York is New Jersey.

New Jersey

This section was at one time part of that great New Netherland region controlled by the Dutch. Along with that region, it passed, in



Seal of West Jersey



Seal of East Jersey

1664, into the hands of the Duke of York. He gave it to two of his friends, Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret. It was named New Jersey in honor of Carteret, who had been governor of the little island of Jersey in

the English Channel. These two proprietors divided the land. Berkeley soon sold his share — the western half — to Quaker friends of Penn. Later Penn, with other Quakers, bought eastern New Jersey. In 1702, the government of both sections passed into the hands of the English sovereign, and New Jersey became a royal province.

The dividing line between Maryland and Pennsylvania was not satisfactorily settled during Penn's lifetime. His heirs and those of Lord Baltimore agreed, in the middle of the eighteenth century, to a line run by two surveyors named Mason and Dixon. This "Mason and Dixon line" was to hold a prominent place in the later history of our country.

We have noticed that the royal sovereigns of England sometimes presented their favorites with tracts of land in the New World. We have seen how readily Charles II made over **The Carolinas** to Penn the territory he desired. Much earlier in his reign the same king had given a large portion of land lying south of Virginia to eight court favorites. Their names still live in the geography of the South — Albemarle, Clarendon, Ashley, Cooper, Berkeley, and the others. The whole region was called Carolina in honor of King Charles.

The proprietors of Carolina looked about at the various forms of government then existing in the colonies, and decided that they would greatly improve on everything they saw. Accordingly they in-

vited a great philosopher, John Locke, to form a plan of government. Locke's Grand Model, as it was called, did not work well, because it divided the people into groups or classes. It reduced the common people almost to slavery, and gave nearly all the power to the men of higher rank.

Some wanderers from Virginia had already planted a colony in northern Carolina. This now came to be known as the Albemarle settlement, being named in honor of the Duke of Albemarle. A colony founded in 1665 on the Cape Fear River was named for another Carolina owner, the Earl of Clarendon. The people of these settlements, together with their neighbors, protested against the Grand Model, and forced the proprietors to give it up. From that time the colony was governed much like the other colonies.

The name of Charles II was given to a seaboard settlement, Charleston, which developed rapidly into one of the most important ports of our southern coast. Before many years this town was shipping vast quantities of rice, which the soil of Carolina was well fitted to produce. Presently indigo was added to the exports. Both of these products needed workers in the fields who could stand



Rice

the extreme heat. The negro was such a worker. As the industries grew, more and more negroes were brought in until in time they outnumbered the white people.

Many Europeans came to Carolina. They were attracted by the productive soil and by the vast pine forests from which lumber and turpentine could be obtained. They came not only from England, but from other countries too. French Huguenots, Germans, Scotch-Irish, all added their strength to the colony's growth. Carolina needed such sturdy men, for many tribes of Indians threatened from all sides, and the Spaniards seemed likely to encroach on the south. In fact, it was hinted that the Spaniards, for reasons of their own, were urging the savages on. In 1711, the Tuscarora Indians committed horrible massacres and threw Carolina into terror. War raged for two years, until a large force of colonists, aided by friendly Indians, succeeded in storming the Tuscarora stronghold. After this crushing defeat the Tuscaroras went northward to New York and joined the Iroquois of that region. Thus the Five Nations became the Six Nations.

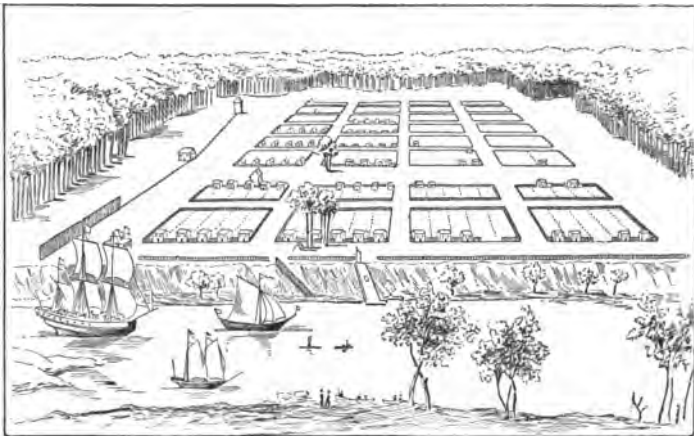
The settlers in Carolina made so much trouble for their governors, that in 1729 the proprietors sold their claim to the English king. The land was then divided into two provinces, North Carolina and South Carolina, and the king appointed a governor for each.

The most southern of the English colonies was Georgia. It was founded by James Oglethorpe, a member of the British Parliament. He had been ordered by Parliament to examine into the condition of English prisons. He had found such misery among a certain class of prisoners that his heart was moved with a great pity for them and he determined to help them. These were the men who had been thrown into prison because they owed money that they could not pay. Once in prison, they seemed to have no possible chance for relief. How could a man, bound fast by prison walls, earn anything with which to pay his debts? Oglethorpe saw the injustice of this.

The only hope for these poor men, it seemed to him, was to go to the New World. Therefore he and some friends petitioned the king for a tract of land south of South Carolina. This would give these debtors, many of whose debts were small, a chance to begin life over again. He argued, too, that a colony in this position would protect the other colonies from the Spaniards and the Indians. Furthermore, it would help to clear the already overcrowded prisons of England. The king consented, and Parliament gave a large sum of money towards the founding of the colony. Persons who were interested in this reform added a sum equal to a half million dollars. This colony was called Georgia in honor of the king, George II.

In 1733, the first little band of settlers, rejoicing in

their freedom, landed, with their wives and children, where the city of Savannah now stands. Oglethorpe, following the example of wise governors before him, purchased from an Indian tribe the land that he meant to occupy. The chief of the tribe, Tomochichi by name, gave Oglethorpe a buffalo skin, on one side of which was painted the head of an eagle. In



Savannah, about 1740

making his gift, he said, "Here is a little present; the feathers of the eagle are soft and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm and is the emblem of protection; therefore love and protect our little families." This Oglethorpe did to the best of his ability. He exerted all his energy towards keeping the Indians happy and peaceful and his colonists contented and busy.

The Spaniards objected to the planting of English settlements in Georgia, which they claimed as being part of Florida. They tried to stir up Indian wars against the English. They even waged war themselves, but Oglethorpe was a skillful general and succeeded in defeating them.

One of the laws for Georgia prohibited slavery, and another forbade the use of rum. To both of these laws the settlers strenuously objected, but they were obliged to obey them. Oglethorpe held that negro slavery would lead the white men to idleness, and that liquor would bring misery upon them.

In Georgia the mulberry tree was already growing thriftily. So the trustees for the colony sent over some silkworms and tried to start the silk industry. It was not very long before the settlers had produced enough of the soft, glistening threads to send some to England. The silk was presented to the queen, and she was so delighted with it that she had a gown made of it. This she wore in honor of the king's birthday, and it was greatly admired by every one. Georgia's first seal showed silkworms at work, the motto reading, "Not for ourselves but for others." It was this spirit, indeed, that had led Oglethorpe to the founding of Georgia.

In time, the growing of rice and indigo was found more profitable than the silk industry, and then came a greater demand for negroes. In the end, slavery was permitted in Georgia, as it had been in other

colonies. Just twenty years after the founding of the colony it passed into the hands of the king and became a royal province.



The Thirteen Colonies

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

Throughout the century following the conquest of New York (1664) the English gradually spread along the coast and inland until they controlled nearly the entire region east of the Allegheny Mountains between Canada and Florida. This came about through the expansion of the old colonies and the formation of new ones.

New Jersey came into the hands of the English when they conquered New Amsterdam. After passing under the control of various proprietors, it became a royal province in 1702.

Carolina in 1663 came under the control of court favorites of King Charles II. Charleston, named for the king, soon became one of the most important seaports of the southern coast. The colony thrived, raising rice and indigo and working the pine forests for lumber and turpentine. In 1729, it was sold to the king, who divided it into North Carolina and South Carolina and appointed a governor for each.

Pennsylvania was colonized in 1682 by William Penn. Although he had a grant from the king he purchased land from the Delaware Indians, and in this and other ways he gained their lasting friendship. He established Philadelphia, which soon became the largest city in America. As proprietor, he made just laws for the colony. The colonists were given a share in the government, as in other colonies.

Georgia, named after King George II, was settled in 1733, under the leadership of Governor Oglethorpe, as a refuge for debtors released from English prisons.

Oglethorpe bought land from a tribe of Indians. The colony prospered in raising rice and indigo, after failing to gain wealth in raising silkworms. In 1752, the colony became a royal province.

The colonies, as they stood near the middle of the eighteenth century, thirteen in number, were fast closing up their ranks along the Atlantic seaboard. Farthest to the north were New Hampshire, whose western boundary was not fixed, and Massachusetts, which claimed a strip of land across the continent to the western ocean. (Maine was a part of Massachusetts.) Next was Rhode Island, just about as it stands to-day. Then came Connecticut, which, like Massachusetts, claimed the land westward to the Pacific, excepting that occupied by the New York colony. New York's boundaries were somewhat vague, but its claims took in Vermont and a part of the Ohio valley. New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland had their present boundaries. Pennsylvania covered almost the same area as it does to-day. The largest as well as the oldest of all the colonies was Virginia, which claimed very large areas, west and north-west to the Pacific Ocean. North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia also claimed the land westward to the Pacific Ocean.

The lands actually occupied by the English colonies, however, extended no farther west than the Allegheny Mountains. France claimed the whole Mississippi valley, and was in actual possession of the Mississippi River.

FACT TO BE MEMORIZED

Pennsylvania was settled by Quakers under William Penn, who founded Philadelphia, 1682.

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"The British soldiers climbed the winding path"

CHAPTER X

WARS WITH THE FRENCH

THE year 1689 saw the beginning of a series of wars between France and England which lasted a long time. We need not concern ourselves as to why the mother countries took up arms. Our interest is in their colonies of the New World. It is sufficient to know that because there was fighting in Europe the French and English colonies on this side of the water likewise engaged in warfare.

There were, in all, four of these colonial wars, but only the last one had far-reaching results. The first three need but brief mention. Each has been named for the English ruler during whose reign it was fought, thus: King William's War, Queen Anne's War, and King George's War. In these three wars there were few battles, but the colonists lived in constant dread of attack from the Indians. Some tribes sided with the French, and some with the English.

**Intercolonial
wars**

In the first war, Count Frontenac was sent from France to America with orders to seize the Hudson valley. When he reached Canada, however, he found that it had already been invaded by the Iroquois. They had swooped down upon some villages

near Montreal, burning many homes and butchering the inhabitants. The active hostility of the Iroquois made it impossible for the French to try to conquer the Hudson valley. Instead, war parties composed of Frenchmen and their Algonquin allies set out to attack the English border towns. If we follow them upon one or two raids, we may see how full of horror the colonial wars were.

Schenectady was one of the extreme northern vil-
lages of the New York colony. Hither, on fleet
snowshoes, a war party stole in the dead
of night. The villagers were quietly
sleeping, fearing no evil. Even the guard had left



Frenchmen on snowshoes

his watch and was seeking warmth and a little nap. Suddenly a piercing war whoop rent the air. The inhabitants sprang from their beds. There was no need to question; too well they knew the horrible fate that awaited them. The Indians burst into the houses and butchered all who resisted. The old they killed because they were too feeble to endure the march of the captives. Babes were torn from their mothers' arms, and, in the next instant, scalped or

dashed to death. Each captive child was worth money; so the Indians often carried their prisoners on the march, not from any kindness, but to save them for ransom.

Some of the settlers in Schenectady had built their houses of heavy wood, solidly barred and planked. These were fairly bulletproof, but the cunning of the Indian found other means to gain his end. He hurled lighted torches upon the roofs, setting the houses afire and driving the inmates into his very hands. At the first cry of alarm, some sped to the woods. Half clad, stung by the cold winds, with feet torn and bleeding from the ice and snow, a few succeeded in reaching Albany, but many were killed and even more were captured.

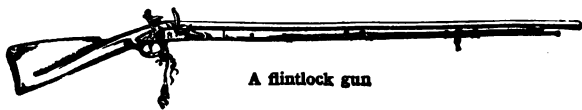
Town after town went through such experiences. Mothers sang their babes to sleep, their voices trembling with fear. The men strained their ears continually to catch the first faint sound of the cry they dreaded. Perhaps the greatest anxiety was caused by small parties of Indians that skulked in the forest for days, waiting and watching for an opportunity. Then, as though they had sprung from the earth, they appeared on all sides, used firearms and tomahawks, scalping knife and fire, and then disappeared as swiftly as they had come. Against such raids there seemed to be no means of protection.

The little town of Haverhill, in the northeastern corner of Massachusetts, furnished a thrilling illus-

tration of this kind of warfare. One day in early spring, while a Mr. Dustin was working in the fields, the shouts of Indians smote his ears. As Mrs. Dustin fast as he could he made for his home, where his wife lay ill. But the redskins were there before him; already they had surrounded his house. His little ones were running toward the woods, crying piteously to him to protect them. Within the house were his sick wife, a week-old baby, and a nurse. He saw no possible way to save his wife, for the Indians were already setting fire to the house. So he drove the trembling children behind him into the woods, keeping up a steady fire upon the destroyers of his home as long as his ammunition lasted.

Mrs. Dustin had courage such as is seldom seen. Dragged from her bed, she saw an Indian dash her baby's head against a tree. Wild hatred filled her heart. She was taken captive and started on the long, cold journey toward the Indian wigwams in New Hampshire. But through it all she never faltered. She kept up the courage of her nurse and a boy from a near-by village, who likewise were captives. She persuaded the lad to ask one of the older braves how he managed to kill instantly each time he dealt a blow. The Indian showed him just where to strike a fatal blow, and how to scalp. One night the three arose, and killed all of the sleeping Indians but two, a woman and a child. With sure hands, they scalped their victims, and Mrs. Dustin took the gun and

tomahawk of the murderer of her child. Putting these trophies into a canoe, they started for the nearest English settlement, where their story would scarcely have been believed but for the ghastly proofs they had brought with them. From colony



to colony this story flew, and Mrs. Dustin's name was on every tongue.

These are but two instances out of very many in which the French spurred on their Algonquin allies, doing all in their power to keep the red men active. Again and again, during the colonial wars, outlying towns were burned and their inhabitants massacred. Whole families completely disappeared.

“A yell the dead might wake to hear
Swelled on the night air, far and clear, —
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock, —
Then rang the rifle-shot, — and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men, —
Sank the red ax in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain, —
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
On still dead men and weapons bared.” *

* Whittier: Pentucket.

Not all of the fighting in this period was done by the Indians. In King William's War, and again in Queen Anne's War, the English captured Port Royal in Acadia, and made an unsuccessful attack on Quebec. Their most remarkable success was the capture of Louisburg. This was one of the strongest fortresses in the world, yet in King George's War it went down before a force of ill-equipped New England fishermen and farmers, untrained in war.

This victory was of particular value to the colonists, for it showed them that they had a strength hitherto little suspected. They felt, however, that England did not appreciate how much they had done, or at what cost, for at the close of the war in 1748, she ceded Louisburg back to France.

Within a few years, however, there came to the English colonists another opportunity to show their spirit. Because of the explorations of Marquette and La Salle, France claimed the entire region drained by the Mississippi River. Moreover, she was ambitious to control the entire northern section of North America. Canada and the St. Lawrence were already hers. A few forts had been built along the Mississippi, giving her partial control of that river, but she needed more and stronger forts. After the close of King George's War, she became very active in the Ohio valley. Not only did she claim this region, but she began to take possession of it by erecting forts.

Dispute over
the Ohio

Now, Englishmen from Virginia and Pennsylvania had already crossed the mountains, and were trading in furs with the Indians of the Ohio valley. Moreover, the rivalry in the fur trade was not the only danger for the French to consider. If England should gain a firm foothold in the Ohio valley, it would split French America in twain, separating the Louisiana settlements from Canada.

In Virginia a group of merchants, known as the Ohio Company, had seen the possibilities of this region and had obtained the title to it from the English king. They were anxious to see it well peopled, for that meant money in their pockets. When the French drove a party of English away from their trading post on the Ohio River, Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia knew it was time to act. He decided to send a letter to the French, ordering them out of the Ohio valley. To carry the letter, he wanted some one who was clever enough to find out just what the French plans were, and to make friends of the Indians of that region.

The person whom Dinwiddie selected for this difficult task was a young surveyor, George Washington. The governor could trust him to see all that was to be seen, and not to be won over by the flattery of the wily Frenchmen. Washington took with him an old fur trader to act as guide, a French interpreter, an Indian interpreter, and several servants. The march through

George
Washington

the wilderness in the dead of winter, 1753, was a bitterly cold, difficult journey. The French were polite, but they refused to move.

The return was even more difficult. The horses slipped and fell on the icy ground. At length Washington and the guide pushed on afoot, cutting through the forest to shorten the distance. They had many narrow escapes. At one time they came to a river half choked with ice. Having no means of crossing, they built a simple raft for the purpose. Half way over, Washington slipped and fell into the icy waters. He managed to save himself, as he tells us, by "catching hold of one of the raft's logs." At last he reached home in safety.

Washington informed Governor Dinwiddie of the strength of the French and of their intention to remain where they were. He advised immediately building a fort at the fork of the Ohio River. This fort was soon started, but it was scarcely half finished when the French came swiftly down the Allegheny River and drove away the builders. Then they boldly erected in its place one of the strongest of the French defenses, Fort Duquesne, named in honor of the governor of Canada.

A force from Virginia under Washington was sent out in this direction. Warned by an Indian, Half King, that the French were coming to meet him, Washington determined to surprise them. He pushed rapidly forward to meet their stealthy advance. In

a skirmish at Great Meadows, Washington fired the first shot of a war that was to be of great importance. It was only a little passage at arms that took place there in south-western Pennsylvania, but it happened while France and England were at peace. This time the two countries were to take up arms in a struggle that began in the colonies.

**French and
Indian War
begun**

Washington next built a rude fort at Great Meadows, calling it Fort Necessity. Here on a drizzling wet day he was attacked by the French. There was a steady exchange of shot until the English powder was gone. Being short of food and ammunition, the English surrendered their little fort to the French, and were permitted to march out with flying flags and go home.



British soldier

The next year, 1755, General Braddock, with two fine regiments, was sent from England to handle the situation.

**General
Braddock**

He felt confident that he could do it. A famous American historian calls Braddock a "British bulldog, brave, obstinate, and honest," but unable to see any way save his own of doing things.

When told of the Indian method of warfare, — slipping single-file through the forests, and shooting from

behind rocks and bushes,—he became impatient, hotly protesting that the red men and their French friends had but little chance against the soldiers of Great Britain.

To capture Fort Duquesne was the particular work given to Braddock. Colonel Washington was one of his aides. Braddock marched his army of regulars and Virginians toward the fort, but lost much time in clearing the way for his large body of troops. Within ten miles of the fort, the hostile forces met in a narrow wooded road. A bit of brilliant color in the uniform of a young officer announced the coming of the French. At sight of the advancing English he waved his hand to his followers as a signal, and, the next moment, was dead. Instantly the shot fell like hail upon the unprotected mass of the English army: They stood like so many toy soldiers, their scarlet coats making a sure target for the hidden French and Indians.

Washington besought Braddock to follow the enemy's method, for indeed it was the only practical way to fight in the wooded growth about them. Braddock refused, ordering back into the ranks those who were of another mind. He himself fought valiantly; five horses were shot under him. Finally he was mortally wounded. This turned the command into the hands of Washington, who, with the other Virginians, had been fighting in Indian fashion from behind trees, rocks, bushes, mounds of earth, or what-

**Braddock's
defeat**

soever would afford protection. He had run his full share of danger. Two horses had been shot under him and his coat was riddled by bullets. Many years later an old Indian chief called on him, saying that he wanted to see in time of peace the man whom he had tried so hard to kill.

The army now retreated, but Washington managed to protect the rear, so that their defeat was less disgraceful than it might have been. The loss among the Virginian troops had not been so great, because they had fought from shelter, but of Braddock's regulars there remained only a sorry remnant. The outlook for England in the Ohio valley was most discouraging.

Likewise, the situation on the New York frontier was critical. The French realized the supreme importance of the Hudson valley. With Lake Champlain it formed a route leading to the heart of Canada. With the Mohawk it formed a direct and easy route to the Great Lakes and so to the headwaters of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. The French held Lake Champlain, but the English had settlements on the Mohawk, and even a trading post at Oswego, on Lake Ontario. If the French could only gain a firm footing on the Hudson, they might then control the entire fur trade of the north, part of which was now going to the sturdy traders of New York.

General William Johnson was the man in whose hands the saving of the Hudson valley was placed.

He had married a sister of a famous Mohawk chief, and his influence over the Six Nations was greater than that of any other white man. In this contest, known as the French and Indian War, we see many Algonquins giving unswerving devotion to the French. The French also tried by many devices to win the friendship of the Iroquois. But these braves could not be won over. The memory of a Frenchman's aid to their enemies, in the famous encounter of 1609, had never died. Moreover, the English colonists made a special effort to hold the Iroquois. In 1754, a congress representing seven of the colonies met and talked things over with one hundred fifty of the Iroquois chiefs. So, in general, the Indians lined up thus: Algonquins with the French; Iroquois with the English.

At this congress, held at Albany, Benjamin Franklin, a zealous American patriot, proposed that the colonies form a union. The proposal was called the Albany plan. It provided for a central government that should control trade with the Indians, declare war and peace with them, make new settlements, provide for the defense of all the colonies, and make laws for these purposes, subject to the approval of the king. The people did not take kindly to the plan, and it was not carried out.

General Johnson, with a fair-sized army of Indians, New Englanders, and New Yorkers, planned to march

against Crown Point, the strong French fort on Lake Champlain. At Lake George, however, he was attacked by a French force, which he drove from the field. He then built Fort William Henry at the head of Lake George, while the French fortified themselves at Ticonderoga, near the other end of the lake.

As yet war had not been declared. In 1756, several nations of Europe took up arms in what became known as the Seven Years' ^{Seven Years' War} War. England and France both saw that this war would decide the great question — Who shall control America?

Great Britain was particularly anxious to make sure of Acadia, which had been ceded to her by France after Queen Anne's War. She greatly feared that its ^{Acadia} French inhabitants were in secret sympathy with France, for they steadfastly refused to take



Acadian peasants

the oath of allegiance to the English king. Into the quiet, peaceful life of these Acadians there came from their English rulers, one day, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, the "order imperative":

“Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of
 all kinds
 Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from
 this province
 Be transported to other lands. . . .” *

The plan that the king had adopted to keep Acadia English was to scatter its inhabitants abroad and to lay waste their farms.

“Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city
 to city,
 From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern
 savannas, —
 From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the
 Father of Waters
 Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the
 ocean,
 Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the
 mammoth.
 Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing,
 heart-broken,
 Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor
 a fireside.” *

As soon as the war had opened, France sent an able officer, the Marquis de Montcalm, to take charge of her campaign. He left behind him in France his wife and six children, toward whom his thoughts were ever turning. Yet in America he gave his time and earnest attention to the task of winning that great country for France. His first battle in the New World, the capture of Oswego, was a brilliant success. It aroused the ad-

* Longfellow: Evangeline.

miration of even those stolid people, the Indians. A party of them came to visit him, saying: "We wanted to see this famous man who tramples the English under his feet. We thought we should find him so tall that his head would be lost in the clouds. But you are a little man, my father. It is when we look into your eyes that we see the greatness of the pine trees and the fire of the eagle."

Montcalm next captured and destroyed Fort William Henry. The garrison surrendered on condition that they should retreat unharmed; but Montcalm's Indian allies, defying him, fell upon the retreating English, and tortured and butchered hundreds. A strong English army then attacked Ticonderoga, but was badly defeated. Thus in the first years of the war the French won victory after victory.

Meanwhile, fortunately for England, William Pitt, one of the greatest statesmen she has ever had, came into power. Pitt realized the importance of the situation in America. He saw that if England was to preserve her hold on America, great efforts must be made to check the French. So, determined to establish the power of England beyond question, he sent over more troops and more ships. One of England's young generals, James Wolfe, led her men to victory. Though he was not in direct command, his skillful work made possible the first important capture by the English, — that of Louisburg.

**English
victories**

And now the tide turned. Fort Frontenac went down before the English forces. Washington, by good generalship, gained Fort Duquesne. When it passed into English hands, it was rechristened Fort Pitt, in honor of the great statesman. Well might the French be anxious. The control of the Ohio was gone. They were forced also to give up Ticonderoga and Crown Point. They must now rally around Quebec, their great fortress which, perched high upon a rock, guarded Canada like a strong eagle protecting its nest.

Quebec stands just where the St. Charles River joins the St. Lawrence. Her summits keep close watch upon the river, and her slopes are so steep that it is almost impossible to mount them. Pitt chose Wolfe for the difficult task of capturing the city. The young general realized its importance. It meant sweeping the French from the continent and placing over Canada the flag of Great Britain. He assembled his army and his fleet, sailed up the St. Lawrence, and landed just opposite the city.

From June to September, 1759, Wolfe studied the situation, seeking some means by which to dislodge the French. He was able to destroy neighboring villages and even some of the houses within the walls of Quebec. But that was not defeating the French army. He tried to reach them by a charge, but was repulsed. Some other plan had to be devised.

A few miles up the St. Lawrence River, Wolfe spied a zigzag path that led up the steep slope to a broad, level-space, known as the Plains of Abraham. On this plain there was room enough to line up an army. If Wolfe could gain this position he would be able to cut off French supplies. So he resorted to a clever scheme. He maneuvered about the mouth of the St. Charles until Montcalm felt sure that the English would land there, which meant an easy victory for the French.

But Wolfe had other plans. At night on the twelfth of September, with muffled oars, his men rowed silently to the foot of the steep path. One by one, the soldiers climbed its winding course, slipping and falling, crawling upon hands and knees, catching hold of the bushes, until the summit was gained. They sprang upon the French sentinels, who fled in panic, giving the alarm as they went. Early morning saw the English troops lined up in force on the Plains of Abraham. The news quickly reached Montcalm, who decided that there was now nothing to do but to fight, and that right soon.

Gathering his men together, Montcalm made a bold, rushing attack. The English stood in solid lines waiting until the French were quite near. Then they fired, with sure results. The French lost heavily. It was gallant fighting that the New World saw that



French soldier

day. Brave men fought and fell on both sides, but the day went to the English. Neither general witnessed the close of the battle. Two bullets struck Wolfe, and a third pierced his breast. A number of men rushed to him and carried him out of the thickest of the fray.

An officer standing by exclaimed, "See how they run!"

The dying Wolfe demanded, "Who run?"

"The enemy," said the officer, "is giving way everywhere."

At this glad news, the young general rallied enough to give a final order. Then he fell back, murmuring, "Now God be praised, I die happy." Canada commemorates in song Wolfe's mighty achievement.

"In days of yore from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain." *

Montcalm, wounded and bleeding, rode back to the city gate, where some women cried out in horror at the sight of him. He told them not to weep, that the wound was nothing; but even as he spoke he fell from his horse. When the surgeon told him that he could not survive, he said, "So much the better. I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

On the 18th of September, 1759, the city surren-

* "The Maple Leaf Forever" (National song of Canada).

dered. The following year Montreal was captured. The English had completely crushed the French in America. The war dragged on in Europe until 1763, when the treaty of peace was signed at Paris. By the treaty, France gave to England all of Canada and all of her land east of the Mississippi, except New Orleans. That city and the land west of the Mississippi, France had given to Spain the year before. Spain gave Florida to England in return for Cuba and the Philippine Islands, which had been captured by the English during the war.

North
America
in 1763

Thus we see England wrenching from the French, as she had wrenched from the Dutch, the territory she desired, extending her domains from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River, and from the warm Gulf of Mexico north to the cold waters of the Arctic regions.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

As the English spread in America it became more and more evident that sooner or later they must come into deadly conflict with the French. They could not go north without meeting them in Canada; and they could not go west, across the Allegheny Mountains, without meeting them in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

In 1689, there began a series of wars between France and England. Their colonies had little to do with the starting of these quarrels. Nevertheless in time of war they were expected to take part.

Usually they were quite ready to do their share of the fighting, because of the constant differences they were having with each other. Thus war was carried on in America as well as in Europe.

In all of this warfare the Indians figured: the Algonquins generally sided with their old-time friends, the French; and the Iroquois generally sided with the English.

These wars were four in number:

(1) King William's War (1689-1697). An English expedition captured Port Royal, Acadia, but this was returned to the French. An expedition against Quebec was a failure.

(2) Queen Anne's War (1702-1713). Again the English captured Port Royal and made an unsuccessful attempt to take Quebec. By the treaty of peace England gained Acadia, Newfoundland, and the territory about Hudson Bay.

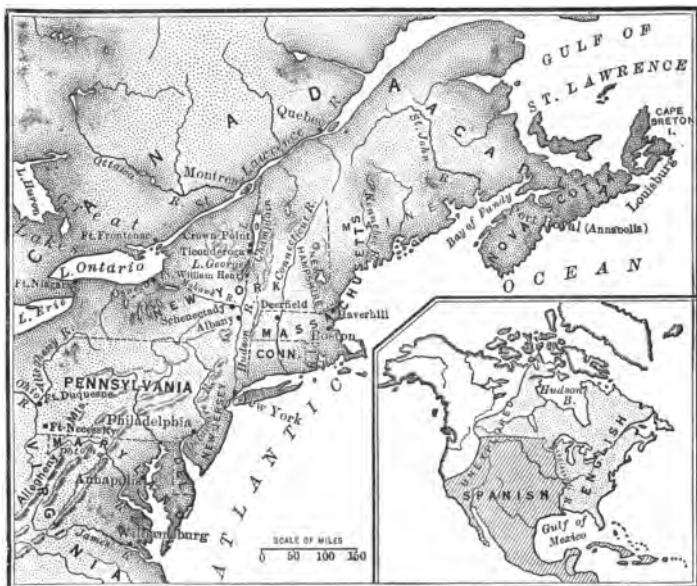
(3) King George's War (1744-1748). The English colonists captured Louisburg, a great fort which the French had built on Cape Breton Island, between Acadia and Newfoundland. At the close of the war, however, the fort was ceded back to France.

(4) Seven Years' War (1756-1763), known in America as the French and Indian War (1754-1763), although the three preceding were just as truly wars with the French and Indians. This war began with a dispute over the Ohio valley, but it developed into a struggle for Canada itself.

In the west, Braddock was defeated in his attempt upon Fort Duquesne (1755). Three years later

Washington captured the fort, renaming it Fort Pitt. The city of Pittsburgh now stands on its site.

In the north, after some severe defeats, the English captured Louisburg, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, and finally took Quebec. This stronghold surrendered in 1759, and Montreal the following year.



Wars with the French

North America in 1763

At the close of the war, by the Treaty of Paris, 1763, France practically retired from America, yielding to England nearly all her territory east of the Mississippi, and giving to Spain her territory west of that river. England gained Florida from Spain in return for Spanish possessions captured in the war. Thus England gained all of eastern North America.

In 1754, delegates from some of the colonies met at Albany and discussed the dangers from the French and Indians that seemed to be threatening them. At this colonial congress, Benjamin Franklin proposed a Plan of Union. Although it was not adopted, it did set the people to thinking. They saw that it might be to their advantage to act together.

FACTS TO BE MEMORIZED

Three colonial wars were waged between the French and the English because of wars in Europe.

A fourth colonial war, the French and Indian, 1754-1763, began in a contest for the Ohio valley, and resulted in English supremacy in North America.

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"The stately minuet"

CHAPTER XI

ENGLISH COLONIAL LIFE

THROUGH the French and Indian War England added a large territory to her colonial possessions. Less than three hundred years before, the entire continent had belonged to the Indians. Yet now, in 1760, the population of the English colonies in America exceeded one and one half million. This included the negroes but not the Indians. Many of the red children had moved farther west. In their places were white girls and boys whose lives were quite different from those of Star Flower and Big Brother; nor did they live quite as you do.

Suppose that you were a little colonial girl living long, long ago — about the year 1760, let us say. Your home is in the warm South and your father is very rich. This means that he owns many slaves who work in the fields for him, raising tobacco, rice, or indigo. These products are sent to England to be sold. Big sailing vessels come for them. Your father has his own pier at which the ships can be moored. In fact, most of the large plantations of the southern colonies are located on the slowly-moving rivers, in order that their products can be the more easily shipped. In

Life in the
South

return for your father's crops, the ships will bring treasures from over the sea. There will be guns and all sorts of tools and supplies for the plantation. There will be silks and satins for Mother, — and for you, too, for your dress is almost like hers, — handsome new clothes for Father, and laces for all. There may be new furniture of mahogany or rosewood, and perhaps some new silver for the table.

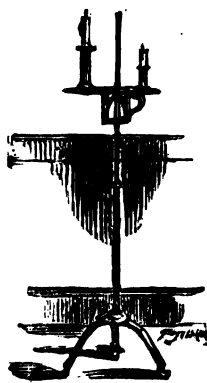
Many a great dinner is given at your house. To it the people of the neighboring plantations are invited. Some of them have to travel all day in their boats or coaches, or on horseback, to reach your home, and of course they will stay over night or, it may be, over two or three nights. The old negress who has cared for you since you were a baby, and whom you affectionately call "mammy," helps you to put on your pretty silk stockings and your high-heeled slippers, your uncomfortably stiff stays and hooped petticoats. Your frock is a new one, of pink satin brocaded in a design of roses and leaves and trimmed with delicate lace. A younger colored woman dresses your hair. She rolls it and puffs it and piles it high on your head and then powders it. You have long white gloves like Mother's, and even a little fan.

When all is finished you go to show yourself to your parents. They, too, are arrayed suitably for the festal occasion. Mother's gown is much like yours, but more elegant. Father's coat is of satin,

He wears a white vest and satin "small clothes" tied at the knees with ribbons. His stockings are of silk, and he wears pumps with silver buckles. His long hair is brushed back and tied with a black ribbon. Like yours, it is powdered. How fine you all look, and how happy you are!

Just one thing is lacking, and that is the presence of your older brother. But he is away at college. There are few colleges in the South, and many wealthy Southerners send their sons to Europe to complete their education. You have a teacher at home who is called a tutor. From him you learn to read and write and to speak French. Mother teaches you how to sew and pays a great deal of attention to your manners. When you are older you will learn to play the harp.

Presently you walk between Mother and Father down the broad stairway to the wide hall below. Here in a mammoth fireplace burns a crackling fire, and many candles shed their soft light about the room. You hope with all your heart that some of the guests will arrive soon, for the hour is fast approaching when you must go to bed. If only you might go to the big dining room with the grown-up people! You know how fine the table looks, with its damask cloth brought from Ireland, and set with



Adjustable candlestick

china and silver that likewise have come from over the sea. The negro house servants, proud of their importance and of their master's wealth, will strut about serving the feast.

More delightful than the dinner, however, will be the dance that follows. How the darkies will grin and sway as they draw their bows across the fiddles! How beautiful the ladies will look as they glide across the floor to meet their partners in dancing the stately minuet! Dark faces will peer in at the windows, for the negroes always come from their little log cabins to watch the "great folks" dance.

It does seem hard that you may not join in these gayeties, when they are free even to any passing stranger, — for Father has sent "Big Sambo" down to the highroad to invite passers-by to the festivities. Mother reminds you that it is because she wishes to keep you well and strong that she sends you to bed so early. Mothers do take such care of their little girls! When you go out into the sunshine she makes you wear a mask of cloth or velvet and long gloves to protect your skin from the sun's rays. Sometimes you wish your father were not so rich, for then you would not have to wear these bothersome things. The little girl who lives on the plantation adjoining your father's, plays about in the sunshine without mask or gloves, and what a nice little girl she is!

It would be pleasant to know her and to play with

her, but her father is looked down upon by his neighbors, because he was once an "indented servant." In order to pay for his passage to the New World he bound himself out to work as a servant for a certain number of years. That was many years ago. He has paid off his debt and has been able to buy a small section of land and a few slaves to help him work it. And now, though he may be scorned by the wealthy planters about him, he is proud of his success, and he and his family enjoy life in their new home.

Perhaps if you had lived in the days of the colonies you would have preferred to be a little Puritan girl in New England. In that case you must picture yourself in a smaller home. Most of the people of the northern colonies live on farms or in towns, not on large plantations. They keep few servants. The greater part of your housework is done by your mother and her daughters.

Life in
New England

You are not likely to have any fine silks. The material of the dresses you wear you must spin and weave yourself. Close to the fireside in the long winter evenings you sit at your wheel. There you spin into thread or yarn the flax or wool that your father and brothers have raised. When you are tired of spinning you may pick up the stocking that you have partly knit. If you work rapidly you may be able to finish the stockings in time to make a pair of new mittens to wear to the next quilting bee.

What joys these quilting parties are, though they

are only gatherings of friendly neighbors to work and to gossip together. The quilt itself is a wonderful thing. It consists of many, many pieces of cotton or woolen goods sewed together in some elaborate design. The pieces may be of as many colors as the rainbow. You like them, for your Puritan parents seldom permit you to wear bright colors.

Colonial
parties



Colonial chair

In quilting, the patch pieces are sewed to the lining with fancy stitches. The patchwork and several layers of wool or cotton wadding are basted to the lining. It is all stretched on a wooden frame, about which the quilters sit with their needles busy. The tongues fly as fast as the needles.

Perhaps the gossip is about a woman who was punished the other day for being a "common scold." Most of the quilters saw her in the ducking stool. She had slandered some of her neighbors, so she was fastened to a wooden seat and then ducked several times into water. This is not the only form of punishment in use in the colonies. Another is to put the offender into the pillory. This is a wooden frame which catches him at the neck and wrists and holds him fast, for all who pass by to gaze upon.

Besides the quilting parties there are other festivities, such as corn huskings and apple-paring bees.

The men as well as the women take part in these, and great jollity prevails. You would much rather go to quilting parties and husking bees than to church.

The church service is long, and in winter the meetinghouse is cold. The very poor have to sit farthest from the pulpit. There is a tithingman whose business it is to keep every one awake. He has a long rod with which he raps the head of any man or boy who happens to nod. If it is a woman or little girl who grows drowsy, he tickles her face with a rabbit's foot attached to the end of his rod. The minister is a very great person, quite the most important man in the town, but he does preach dreadfully long sermons.

Neither is school a very comfortable place. The seats are hard, sometimes only a block or half of a log. And very often the room is cold, despite the fact that each child must bring fuel for the fireplace. If you go to such a colonial school, you make your own copy books, sewing foolscap sheets together. But paper is so very scarce that many children use thin sheets of birch bark. Instead of a pencil, you have a piece of lead that has been melted and cast in a wooden mold and then cut out with a jackknife. Your pen is made from a goose quill; the teacher fashions it for you, shaping it, with great skill, to just the right kind of point.

Books, too, are scarce. Nearly every child, however, learns to read from a hornbook. This, after all,

is very little like a book, since it has but one page. On it are printed the alphabet, some syllables, like *ab, eb, ib, etc.*, and a prayer. The paper is placed on a thin piece of wood about four or five inches long and two inches wide, and covered with a thin sheet of yellow horn. The horn and paper are fastened to the wood by a narrow strip of brass or some other metal.



A colonial school

It is difficult to see through the horn, but the book is much prized, so much so that some of your wealthy friends have had their portraits painted with their hornbooks hanging beside them.

Every pupil must first learn all the letters of the alphabet. Many a cold day you and your friends sit huddled in your coats, your hands blue and your brains numb, trying to learn the stupid alphabet.

The teacher hears you one at a time. When little Jonathan's turn comes, he cannot remember what letter follows *t*. He stutters and stumbles, trying first one letter and then another. When finally he gives up in despair, the teacher brings the rod down across his cold, stiff knuckles, and you cry in sympathy. Nor is Jonathan the only one who is punished for not knowing his lessons.

Sometimes you go down to the wharf to see your uncle's ship come in. Not all the northern colonists are farmers like your father. The soil is not rich enough to support every one, and, besides, there are many other kinds of work to be done. There are many fishermen and shipbuilders. Some men are merchants, who sell fish, cattle, potatoes, and other products, to the people of the South, the West Indies, and European countries. In return they buy molasses, sugar, and various sorts of manufactured articles and sell them to your people.

Your uncle's business does not take him across the ocean. He sails along the coast as far south as Philadelphia, the largest city in all the English colonies in America. You would enjoy having him take you to this land of the Quakers. It would be interesting to know these people who wear soft gray most of the time and who seem to you to talk so oddly. You think it is such fun to use the Quaker speech that uncle and you often play at being Quakers.

Life in the
Middle
Colonies

You say, "Hast thou been to Philadelphia?"

He says, "Yes, little maiden. I left there last third day." [Tuesday.]

You say, "What hast thou in thy ship?"

He says, "I have brought thee some of the grains that grow so abundantly in Pennsylvania."

You say, "What else hast thou?"

He says, "Thou mayst find here some iron goods that these clever people have learned to make."

Every time the boat comes in there are the same questions and almost always the same answers.

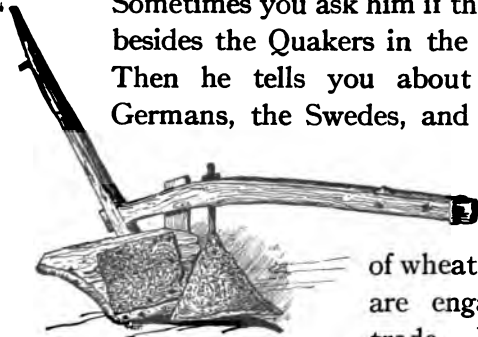
Sometimes you ask him if there are any people besides the Quakers in the Middle Colonies. Then he tells you about the Dutch, the Germans, the Swedes, and the Scotch-Irish.

Most of them are farmers who raise great crops

of wheat and corn. Others are engaged in the fur trade. Perhaps no colonists are more prosperous,

peaceable, and contented than those of the Middle Colonies.

The people of colonial times in America, as everywhere, had to do without many things that we of the twentieth century have come to regard as very necessary. Photographs, rubber shoes and coats, typewriters, sewing-machines, bicycles, and hundreds of other



Colonial plow

inventions had not yet been thought of. There were in those days no stoves or matches, no gas or electric lights, no daily newspaper, no telegraph, no telephone. There were no railroads, no steamboats, no automobiles, no airships. And yet the colonists lived, for the most part, lives of contentment. They little dreamed of the conveniences to be developed later, which would make life for their descendants easier and in some ways pleasanter.

FOR CAREFUL STUDY

The life of the people differed considerably in the several groups of American colonies. This was due to differences in climate and in the character of the settlers.

In New England (New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut) the people lived in towns or on small farms. Along the coast, they built ships and followed the sea. Boston was the largest city. Among its exports were farm products, fish, and cattle.

In the Middle Colonies (New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware) the people engaged in farming and in the fur trade. There was, too, some manufacturing of iron. Philadelphia and New York were the leading cities.

In the South (Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia) there were very few towns, Charleston being the largest of the cities. There were some large plantations and many small

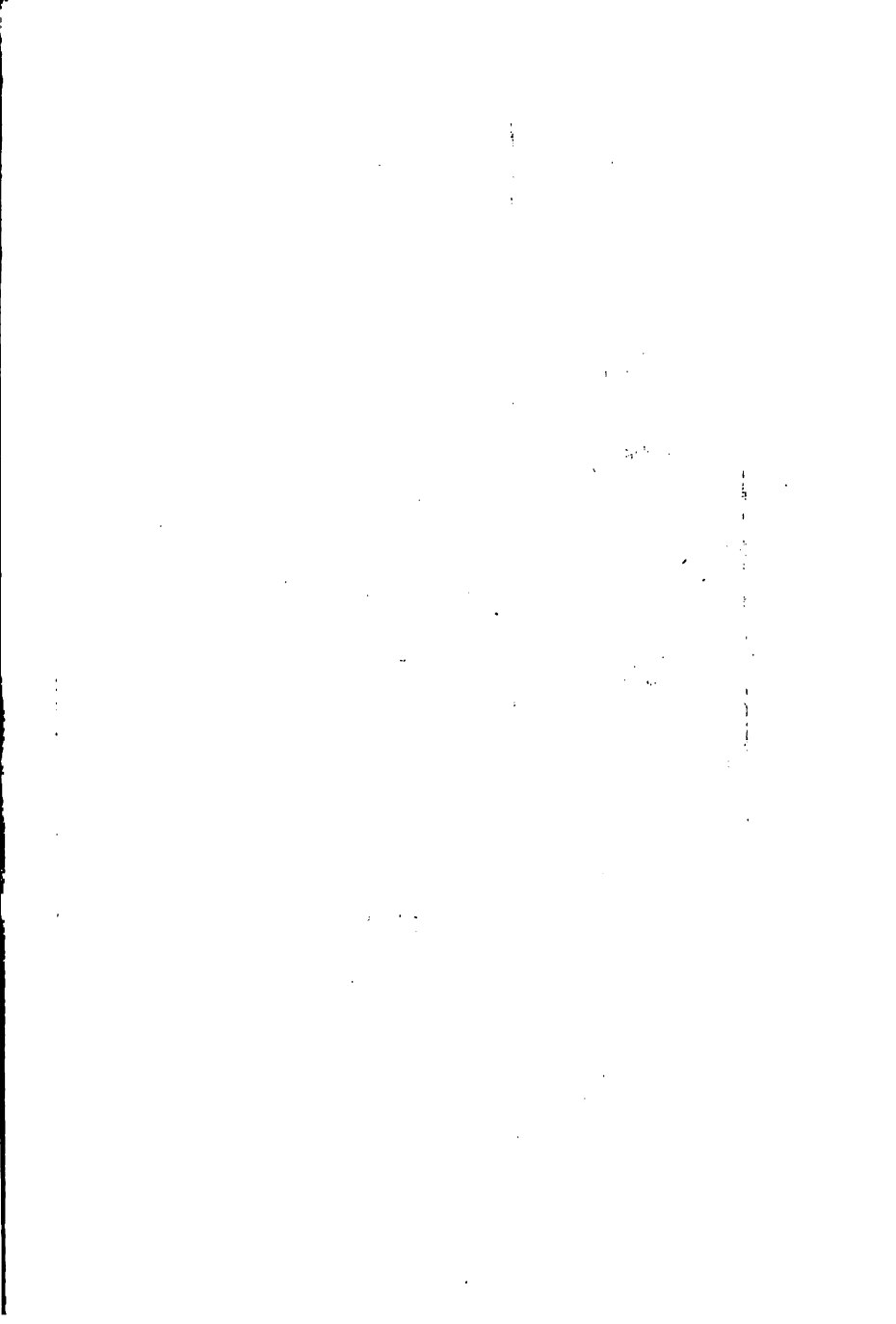
ones. On almost all of them negro slaves were employed. Rice, tobacco, and some other crops were raised and exported to Europe in exchange for manufactured goods.

With all their differences in occupations and modes of living, the people throughout the colonies had much in common. Their life at its best was very simple as compared with that of to-day, for they were without the thousands of marvelous inventions which have been made during the past century and a half.

In matters of government, too, the colonies were much alike. For most of them the English sovereign appointed the governors. Only Rhode Island and Connecticut had charters under which the people chose their own governor. In Pennsylvania and Delaware the governor was appointed by the Penn family. In the same way, Maryland was controlled by the heirs of Lord Baltimore. But in each of the thirteen colonies the people elected an assembly which had a voice in making laws for the colony.

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EXPLORATION AND

| | | | |
|-----------|--|---|---|
| 1490 | 1492 Columbus discovers America. | | 1490 |
| 1500 | 1501-1503 Americus Vesputius explores coast of South America for Portugal. | | 1497 Cabot discovers continent of North America. 1500 |
| 1510 | 1510 Ponce de Leon discovers Florida. | | 1510 |
| 1513 | 1513 Balboa discovers Pacific. | | |
| 1519-1521 | 1519-1521 Cortes conquers Mexico. | | |
| 1519-1522 | 1519-1522 Amerigo Vesputius men sail around the globe. | 1524 Verrazano explores coast of North America. | 1520 |
| 1530 | | | |
| 1532-1533 | 1532-1533 Pizarro conquers Peru. | 1534, 1535 Cartier discovers and explores the St. Lawrence. | 1530 |
| 1540 | 1540 De Soto explores the Mississippi. | | 1540 |
| 1550 | | | 1550 |
| 1560 | | | 1560 |
| 1565 | 1565 St. Augustine founded. Spaniards destroy French settlement. | 1564 Huguenots settle at Fort Caroline. | 1560 |
| 1570 | | | 1570 |
| 1580 | | | 1577-1580 Drake sails around the globe. 1580 |
| 1590 | | | 1584-1587 Raleigh's expeditions to Virginia. 1590 |

SPANISH

ENGLISH

SETTLEMENT (See p. 181)

| | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1590 | | 1590 |
| 1600 | | 1600 |
| 1608 Quebec settled. | 1609 Hudson explores Hudson River. | 1607 Jamestown settled. |
| 1610 | | 1610 |
| 1620 | 1623 New Amsterdam settled, Fort Orange built. | 1619 Virginia House of Burgesses meets. Slavery introduced. |
| | 1626 Manhattan Island settled. | 1620 Plymouth settled. |
| 1630 | | 1623 First New Hampshire settlement. |
| | | 1628 Salem settled. |
| | | 1630 Boston settled. |
| 1640 | 1638 Delaware settled by Swedes. | 1634 Maryland settled. |
| | | 1635 Connecticut settled. |
| | | 1636 Rhode Island settled. |
| | | 1639 Connecticut institution named. |
| 1650 | | 1650 |
| | 1655 New Netherland seized by the Dutch. | |
| 1660 | | 1660 |
| | 1664 New Netherland taken by the English. | 1663 Carolina chartered. |
| 1670 | | 1670 |
| 1673 Marquette and Joliet explore the Mississippi. | | 1675-1676 King Philip's War. |
| 1680 | | 1680 |
| 1682 La Salle explores the Mississippi to its mouth. | | 1682 Pennsylvania settled. |
| 1690 | | 1690 |



APPENDIX A

FACTS TO BE MEMORIZED

I DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION

- A Columbus discovered America in 1492 and established Spanish claim to territory.
- B Cabot discovered the mainland of North America in 1497 and established English claim to territory.
- C America was named for Americus Vesputius.
- D Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean in 1513.
- E Magellan's men were the first to sail around the earth, 1519-1522.
- F De Soto discovered the Mississippi River in 1541.
- G Cartier's discovery of the St. Lawrence and La Salle's exploration of the Mississippi established French claim to territory.
- H Hudson explored the Hudson River in 1609 and established Dutch claim to territory.

II SETTLEMENT

- A Raleigh made two attempts to found a colony in Virginia, which, though unsuccessful, turned the thought of the English toward the New World.
- B The first permanent English colony was founded at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.
- C Negro slavery was introduced into Virginia in 1619.
- D Massachusetts was settled by the Pilgrims at Plymouth, 1620, and by other Puritans at Boston, 1630.
- E Maryland was settled by Lord Baltimore and other Catholics.
- F New Netherland was settled by the Dutch in 1623, at New Amsterdam and elsewhere; but it was taken by the English in 1664.
- G Pennsylvania was settled by Quakers under William Penn, who founded Philadelphia, 1682.

COLONIAL WARS

Three colonial wars were waged between the French and the English because of wars in Europe.

A fourth colonial war, the French and Indian, 1754-1763, began in a contest for the Ohio valley, and resulted in English supremacy in North America.

APPENDIX B

REFERENCE TABLE OF THE THIRTEEN COLONIES

| Colony | Derivation of name | Settled by | First settlement at | Date |
|-------------------|--|------------|---|------|
| Connecticut..... | Connecticut River ("long tidal river") | English | Windsor and Wethersfield | 1635 |
| Delaware..... | Lord Delaware | Swedes | Christina (Wilmington) | 1638 |
| Georgia..... | King George II | English | Savannah | 1733 |
| Maryland..... | Maria, queen of Charles I | English | St. Marys | 1634 |
| Massachusetts.... | "At the great hill" | English | Plymouth | 1620 |
| New Hampshire.. | Hampshire, in England | English | Little Harbor (Portsmouth) | 1623 |
| New Jersey..... | Island of Jersey, in English Channel | Dutch | Pavonia (Jersey City) | 1630 |
| New York..... | Duke of York | Dutch | New Amsterdam (New York) and Fort Orange (Albany) | 1623 |
| North Carolina... | King Charles II | English | On Chowan River | 1653 |
| Pennsylvania..... | Penn's Woodland | English | Philadelphia | 1682 |
| Rhode Island..... | Isle of Rhodes, in Ægean Sea | English | Providence | 1636 |
| South Carolina... | King Charles II | English | On Ashley River | 1671 |
| Virginia..... | Virgin Queen (Elizabeth) | English | Jamestown | 1607 |

APPENDIX C

REFERENCE LIST OF IMPORTANT EVENTS, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

- 982.....Northmen discovered Greenland.
- 1000 (about) ..Northmen visited North American mainland.
- 1492.....Columbus discovered the New World (San Salvador).
- 1493.....Columbus made a second voyage.
- 1497.....John Cabot discovered the North American mainland.
- 1498.....John and Sebastian Cabot explored the North American coast.
- 1498.....Columbus, on his third voyage, discovered South America.
- 1499.....Vasco da Gama returned to Portugal from a voyage to India by route around Africa.
- 1500.....Cabral, on voyage from Portugal to India, sighted South America.
- 1501-1503....Americus Vesputius explored eastern coast of South America.
- 1502.....Columbus made his fourth, and last, voyage to America.
- 1507.....The word *America* was first used in a geography.
- 1511.....Ponce de León founded San Juan (Porto Rico).
- 1513.....Ponce de León explored Florida.
- 1513.....Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean.
- 1519-1521....Cortes conquered Mexico.
- 1519-1522....Magellan started to sail around the world, but was killed in the Philippines; part of his crew completed the voyage.
- 1524.....Verrazano explored the North American coast.
- 1528.....Narvaez, for Spain, explored the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico.
- 1529-1536....De Vaca, a survivor of the expedition of Narvaez, wandered on foot across Texas and Mexico to the Pacific coast.
- 1532-1533....Pizarro invaded the land of the Incas and conquered the people.

- 1534.....Cartier explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence and found the mouth of the St. Lawrence River.
- 1535.....Cartier explored the St. Lawrence River.
- 1539-1542...De Soto explored the country north of the Gulf of Mexico.
- 1540-1542...Coronado explored the southwestern part of what is now the United States.
- 1562.....Huguenots attempted a settlement at Port Royal (South Carolina).
- 1564.....Huguenots settled at Fort Caroline (Florida).
- 1565.....Spaniards founded St. Augustine (Florida).
- 1565.....Spaniards broke up Huguenot settlement at Fort Caroline.
- 1576-1578...Frobisher, for the English, sailed in search of a northwest passage to the Pacific.
- 1577-1580...Drake sailed around the world, the first Englishman to do so.
- 1584.....Raleigh sent out his first expedition to Virginia.
- 1585-1587...Raleigh sent two colonies, but both failed to found permanent settlements.
- 1602.....Gosnold commanded an English expedition to New England.
- 1604-1605...French settled in Acadia, but settlements were soon abandoned.
- 1607.....English founded Jamestown (Virginia).
- 1607.....English settled in Maine, but settlement was soon abandoned.
- 1608.....French, under Champlain, founded Quebec.
- 1609.....Hudson explored the Hudson River.
- 1614.....Dutch built trading posts on Hudson River.
- 1614.....Smith explored the New England coast.
- 1619.....The House of Burgesses of Virginia met for the first time.
- 1619.....Negro slaves were imported into Virginia.
- 1620.....Pilgrims landed at Plymouth.
- 1622.....Indian war in Virginia.
- 1623.....Dutch built Fort Orange (Albany), and began several settlements in New Netherland.
- 1623.....English settled in New Hampshire and Maine.
- 1626.....Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the Indians.
- 1628.....English settled at Salem (Massachusetts).
- 1630.....English settled at Boston (Massachusetts).

- 1633.....Plymouth men built a trading post in Connecticut (at Windsor).
- 1634.....English settled at St. Marys (Maryland).
- 1635.....English settled at Windsor and Wethersfield (Connecticut).
- 1636.....Roger Williams settled Providence (Rhode Island).
- 1636.....Thomas Hooker and his congregation settled Hartford (Connecticut).
- 1636.....Harvard College (Massachusetts) was founded.
- 1636-1637....War with the Pequots in Connecticut.
- 1638.....English settled New Haven.
- 1638.....Swedes settled in Delaware.
- 1639.....The Connecticut people wrote a constitution.
- 1639.....The first printing press was used in America (at Cambridge).
- 1642.....Montreal was founded by the French.
- 1643.....Four New England colonies (Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Haven, Plymouth) formed a Confederation.
- 1651.....Massachusetts annexed Maine.
- 1653.....English settled in North Carolina.
- 1662.....The Connecticut and New Haven colonies were united.
- 1664.....English seized New Netherland.
- 1664.....English settled in New Jersey.
- 1671.....English settled in South Carolina.
- 1673.....Marquette and Joliet explored part of Mississippi River.
- 1675-1676....King Philip's War.
- 1676.....Bacon led Virginians in rebellion against the governor.
- 1682.....La Salle explored the Mississippi to its mouth.
- 1682.....Penn and the Quakers founded Philadelphia.
- 1687-1697....King William's War.
- 1690.....Port Royal was seized by the English.
- 1691.....Massachusetts and Plymouth colonies were united.
- 1693.....College of William and Mary (Virginia) was founded.
- 1701.....Yale College (Connecticut) was founded.
- 1702-1713....Queen Anne's War.
- 1710.....English captured and held Port Royal.
- 1711.....English made unsuccessful attack on Quebec.
- 1704.....First American newspaper was published (at Boston).
- 1718.....French founded New Orleans.
- 1724.....English settled in Vermont.

- 1733.....English settled in Georgia.
- 1744-1748....King George's War.
- 1745..... English captured Louisburg.
- 1753.....Washington was sent to treat with the French.
- 1754.....Colonial congress met at Albany.
- 1754-1763....French and Indian War.
- 1755..... Braddock was defeated.
- 1755..... English expelled the Acadians.
- 1756..... French captured Oswego.
- 1757..... French took Fort William Henry.
- 1758..... French repulsed English at Fort Ticonderoga.
- 1758..... English captured Louisburg.
- 1759..... English captured Quebec.
- 1763.....Pontiac, Indian chief, rose against the English, but was
 subdued.

APPENDIX D

INDIAN NAMES AND NAMES OF INDIAN ORIGIN WITH THEIR PROBABLE MEANING

- Acadia* abundance.
Allegheny the fairest stream.
Canada a village, a town.
Cayuga canoes pulled out of the water *or* man of
the woods.
Chesapeake water stretched out.
Chowan south country.
Connecticut the long tidal river.
Dakota many in one government.
Erie wild cat.
Haiti mountainous.
Illinois superior men.
Jamaica land of wood and water.
Kennebec long water place.
Manhattan the island.
Massachusetts at the great hill.
Mexico city of Mexitl, the Aztec war god.
Michigan great water.
Mississippi great water *or* father of waters.
Missouri muddy water.
Mohawk bear.
Niagara the neck.
Ohio stream white with froth *or* beautiful river.
Oneida tribe of the granite rock.
Onondaga men of the great mountain.
Ontario beautiful lake.
Oswego flowing out.
Panama butterfly.
Pequot the destroyers.
Potomac coming by water.
Quebec the fearful rocky cliff.
Schenectady beyond the pines.
Seminole wild men *or* runaways.
Seneca dwellers in the open country.
Wisconsin wild rushing river.

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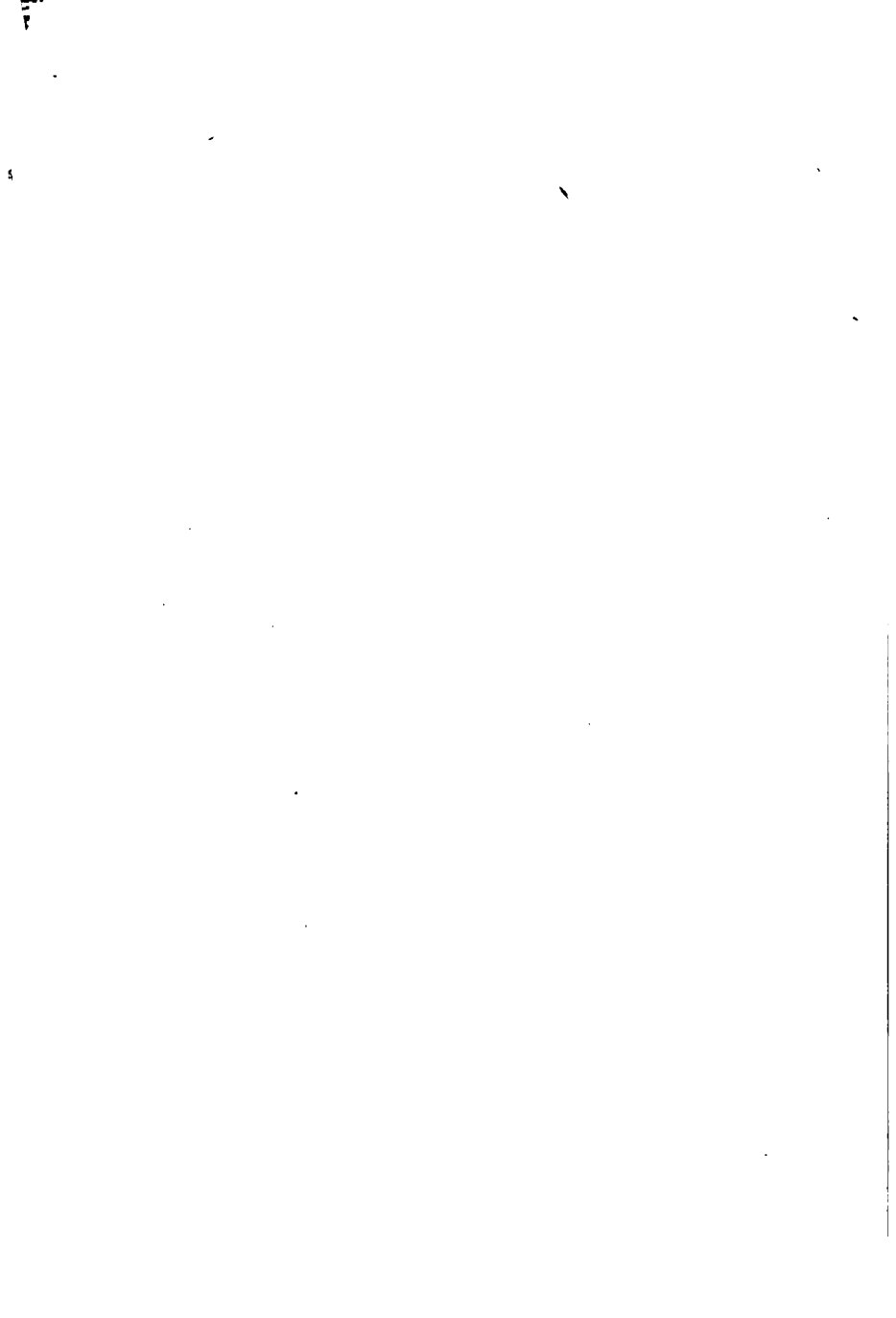
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